

THE
Female Foundling;

OR,
VIRTUE, TRUTH, and SPIRIT,
Opposing every DIFFICULTY.

SHEWING,
The happy Success of constant Love,

IN
The true and entertaining Life of
Mademoiselle D — ^K — R.

Translated from the FRENCH.

In Two Volumes.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N,

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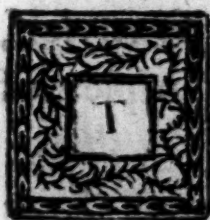
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PREFACE

TO THE
READER.



HERE are but two good Reasons which any of my Sex can have for writing Memoirs of their own Lives; either to forewarn their own unguarded Sex against the many Dangers their Honour and Innocency may meet with, or else to inspire them with modest, grateful, and noble Sentiments. I hope this candid History will answer both these Ends. I am

thoroughly persuaded, that there is no Passage, no Expression in it, considering its Place, or the Person who speaks it, that can prejudice the purest Mind. Yet I would not have my Reader suspect, that it is an inanimate, unaffecting Story; No, on the contrary, I believe the impartial Reader will think it contains some of those natural Emotions of the Heart, which must interest every one. To be sincere, to be just, to be chaste, to be generous, should be the Aim of all Mankind; and, I promise myself, this History will furnish Examples of these Virtues.

I was early told, that I was born of *English* Extraction; and my ardent Desire of Reading and Books, soon gave me a compleat Skill in both Tongues: Wherefore I hope the Reader will take the Story for genuine. Whether it deserves his Approbation or not, I hope his candid Judgment, after

P R E F A C E.

after the Perusal, will determine impartially.

I will venture to say here, that many Writings of this Nature, which have been published of late Years, seem to me to have been so ill calculated for Common Good or Entertainment, that their unnatural or vicious Ideas, must either misinform, or corrupt youthful Minds. There appears in most no steady Principles, no Love of Virtue, but a Series only of incredible, inconsistent Actions. Now a Narration of Events which are visibly fictitious, not to say vain, or puerilely extravagant, can never enlighten the Mind with solid Maxims and Truth. Besides, it is impossible to raise a noble Ardor in the Soul for the Interests of Virtue, while nothing seems to have been in an Author's View, but the Gratification of Vanity, a light Disposition, or gross Sensuality.

fuality. Truth and Nature are the same: And, I must own, it has been my Ambition, by the Veracity of my Story, always to affect the Heart, which I judged impossible any other Way, than by moving Sentiments, just Reflections, and a true Picture of the human Soul, in all its Weaknesses, as well as noble Flights and Efforts after Heroism and exalted Virtue.

The Readers (especially of my own Sex) will see here, as in a Map, the Dangers which young, unexperienced Persons run in Life, by their tender, growing Passions. Love (which is certainly the most pleasant) if misplaced, or precipitate, is certainly the most dangerous of all Affections. What Anguish has it caused! I would guard youthful Minds against imbittering Life with the acutest Sorrows: This is my Aim; and if my own History may any ways contribute to it,

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it, I shall think my Life and Pen not altogether unuseful; the avoiding of which, ought to be the Aim and Desire of all.

I am the Reader's sincere Friend,
and humble Servant.

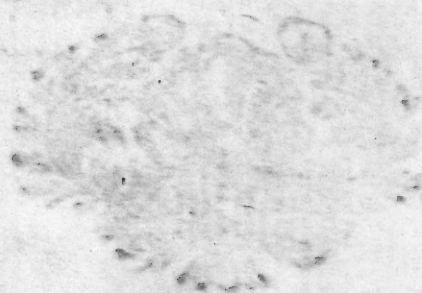


T H E

PREFACE

It is I think my duty to say
altogether unasked, the evening of
which, ought to be the first and D.
the end of all.

I am the Reader's friend
and I hope so too.



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THE
FEMALE FOUNDLING.

ATURE is more wonderful in nothing than her Introduction of Creatures upon the Theatre of this World. We are here indeed, but do not know experimentally, how we are so. I might quote *Homer* on this Occasion, in favour of my Sentiment, were it absolutely necessary, which, I believe, it is not. But why should I then blush to own, I was of a ripe Age, before I knew my Parents. This I can say of myself, that certain secret, generous Sentiments, and an early Strength of Reasoning, made me conjecture that I was born of no vulgar Parents. My Mind, I own, was uncertain and dissatisfied; but still I was persuaded of my noble Extraction; though this Mystery was too dark and intricate for me to unravel, when I desired it most. My History follows, as it was gradually known; and I hope

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my Readers will pardon me, if they do not find all the Wonders in my Life, that they might, perhaps, have expected; let them be satisfied with this Answer, that Truth and Fiction are different Things; and tho' the latter may possibly have more of Pomp and Glitter, yet the former, joined with just Reflections, will always give a greater, and more solid, as well as lasting Pleasure. None can be really pleased with meer Fiction, but such as never deserved to be rationally pleased with themselves. Crude Imagination and Fable only suit weak, empty Minds; but the truly Noble-minded require Truth, and real Sentiment of Soul. Thus much by way of Preface.

The first that took care of my Education was a Hostess of *Meaux en Brie*, a Place in France; and it was from her, that I remember what I am going to relate. A young Lady about sixteen or seventeen, with two Maid-Servants and a Lacquey, alighted at Madam *De la Porte's* (this was the Hostess's Name.) The young Lady was no sooner stepped out of her Chaise, but upon her Complaint of being fatigued, her Waiting-Woman was obliged to get her to Bed. She designed her Departure on the Morrow; but it was put off by an Accident, which she had not foreseen at that Time. She was happily brought to Bed of me. No Mother ever gave more sensible Marks of Joy. But
alas!

alas! She was not to continue them long. I was destined to be soon separated from her Arms. Important Reasons of a secret Nature made her haste her Departure. And thus her Strength was not well re-established, before she began again her Journey.

Hitherto my Mother had said nothing of her Intention to *De la Porte*. But the Time press'd, and she could not delay. My Mother therefore sent for *De la Porte* to her Chamber. The Conversation, which they had together, has been so often repeated to me, that I have no Difficulty to remember it. It follows here.

There are particular Reasons, said my Mother to *De la Porte*, why I conceal my Name, my Country, and Rank, and I do not think this will be any Prejudice to you. No, troth, replied *De la Porte*, there's not a Woman in the Kingdom less curious in those Matters than I. Has not each Gentlewoman her own private Reasons? And so have I; but would it be convenient, that every one should know them?

I must think here, that *De la Porte* lied, as most Women would on a like Occasion; because she has told me herself, that a Day did not pass, but she endeavoured to satisfy her Curiosity from my Mother's Servants: But they were too faithful to betray their Mistress.

Thus, Madam, continued *De la Porte*, without Curiosity about what does not concern me,

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tell me if I can be of any Service to you, and depend upon me as a Person devoted to your Interest. I thank you, Madam, replied my Mother, and I shall give you a Proof of my Confidence. You must be for some Time the Mother to my Child; I have a long Journey to make, and would have it free from the Fatigue and Danger. Well, replied *De la Porte*, the Mother of this pretty Creature is known by me, but the Father must be better known when he pleases. In the Interim, I perceive this is a smuggled Child; I am already the Godmother, but I think it hard to be the Mother too. Ill-bred Answer! But Madam *De la Porte* was downright. The Woman, however, had a Degree of real Candor and Charity.

The Expression of a smuggled Child stung my Mother to the Heart; but she was obliged to hide her Resentment from her Hostess: She therefore only said mildly to *De la Porte*, that she might be deceived in her Apprehensions, and that a little Time would better inform her.

De la Porte, seeing my Mother burst into Tears, did the same: She had, as I have said, an honest Heart at Bottom. But my Mother soon found out that she was not capable of Generosity, as scarce any of her Condition are.

Well, Madam, added my Mother, shewing her at the same Time a Purse of Gold, this is what I first desire you to accept, as a Proof of

my Kindness. It shall not be the last: But hide, I beg of you, from this unfortunate Child, the Manner of its Birth; accustom her to call you by the Name of Mother: Supply my Place, and expect every Thing from Gratitude.

My Mother, speaking these Words, put me tenderly in her Arms. She washed my Face with a Flood of Tears, and shewed how Nature suffered in such a cruel Separation. But nothing could exceed the tender Entreaties which she used with *De la Porte*, to put on the Sentiments of a true Mother towards me.

Fear not, Madam, cried she, I am luckily a childless Widow, and this dear pretty *Nanny* shall be instead of my Child. Well, continued my Mother, you shall never have Reason to repent yourself of any Kindness to her. I shall no sooner be arrived in *England*, but I shall find you by my grateful Letters. Forget nothing, I beg of you, which may contribute to her early good Education; but conceal from her her elevated Birth and Parentage. Besides, I am so necessitated by Circumstances, that I must conceal my own Name, and write to you by a strange Hand, that you may regularly receive your Money.

But, Madam, replied *De la Porte*, I am afraid that you forget a main Point. Doubtless, you desire one Day to see, and know again this dear Child which you leave with me. But

should you not come here yourself, you will probably send some one for her. How shall I know him? I must answer to you for the Trust you have put in me. Your Reflection is just, replied my Mother: But this, added she, taking a rich Bracelet from her Arm, will solve all: He that brings you the other on this Arm, shall be the Person who comes by my Order.

This suffices, replied *De la Porte*: But have you nothing more to say? Nothing, said my Mother, but that you will take great Care of this dear Pledge of the most perfect human Love. At these Words, my Mother burst into Tears. *De la Porte* did the same; and to free my Mother from her Fears, she swore to her, in the most solemn Manner, that she would take of me more Care, if possible, than if I were her own. This something appeased her; but she could scarce reconcile herself to the cruel Necessity of separating from me.

Hitherto I have only mentioned to you what I learnt of my first Infancy. But I shall proceed to the Detail of all my Adventures. However, I shall pass over such Trifles as preceded the Dawning of my Reason.

My Mother, after all the possible Marks of tenderest Love, left me. *De la Porte*, who had entertained a true Kindness for me, began to shew it by all possible Care of my Education. I was not yet three Years old, but they chose for me

me a Governess, whom they generously requited. This was a singular Happiness for me. *La Lambert* (this was her Name) derived her Blood from one of the most ancient Families in *Franche-comté*; her Family had been reduced by several Misfortunes, which made her have Recourse to the Asylum of an old Ecclesiastic her Uncle. She was no sooner, however, in his House, but she perceived that all Hopes of any Succour were vanished. This reverend Canon, (for such he was called) had clandestinely married a pretty Girl to satisfy his worldly Appetite. He had by this Marriage a Daughter, whom he first placed in a Convent for her Education, and now had taken her into his House under the Character of his Niece. This was the Reason that *la Lambert* was forced to accept the Care of my Instruction.

La Lambert was a beautiful young Brunette, about twenty Years old. Nothing could be imagined more sprightly, or agreeable than her Appearance. Perhaps there scarce ever was a finer Stature and Shape than hers. There was in her Air a charming Mixture of Vivacity and Sweetness. Her Complexion had something ravishing in it. Yet she alone seemed insensible of her Charms. Nay, she appeared unacquainted with that Spirit of Coquetry, or Desire of pleasing Men, which is so natural to our Sex. And indeed took a great deal of Pains to correct

me of that Defect. But I must own, perhaps to my Shame, that all her Care could not succeed in this.

But, to return to her Portrait; she joined, with all these engaging Qualities, a Prudence, and Maturity of Judgment, which are seldom found in any of her Age. All her Actions had something polite in them. Her Sentiments were mere Generosity and Heroism. But now let me return to my own Adventures.

De la Porte, to answer my Mother's Expectations, had no sooner provided me with this wise Governess, but she thought of placing us in a Convent. It was the royal Convent of our Lady of *Meaux*. Let me only add farther, that nothing could be imagined more regular and uniform than the Life we led here. I now approached my fourteenth Year, and began to be capable of Reflexion and Reasoning. My Governess had taken all possible Pains to polish my Mind, and perhaps I was not incapable, or negligent of her Instructions.

I know not whether *De la Porte* had not communicated to *la Lambert* the Circumstances of my Birth, might I guess so by the elevated Sentiments which my Governess continually inspired into me. I own my Education did not then seem to agree with the Characters of *De la Porte's* Daughter. They would, in the Convent, indeed, give me the Name of Miss; but something

something whispered me continually, that plain Miss *Nanny* was was not Title sufficient; doubtless it was the noble Blood that flowed in my Veins, which hinted to me, this was but a borrowed Name. But though my Parentage was believed humble, yet I gained universal Approbation. I seemed made up of Charms, which unfolded themselves like so many seasonable Blossoms: but this did not please my jealous Companions; my Birth was a Mystery to them; and their Vanity suffered by the Praises which were given me, in those Visits which Curiosity procured me. But I must add to this, the little Distinctions and Caresses which I had from the Lady *Abbess*; for all together drove my Companions almost to Desperation; but my Beauty, which increased daily, triumphed over their Malice or Pride. They did not spare, on this Occasion, to stigmatize me with the Name of poor Orphan, and Adventurefs; and this they wou'd do with all the Grimaces of Contempt; but their haughty Behaviour did not diminish my Civility in their Regard. I observed, with an extreme Pleasure, that my studied Complaisance did not a little disconcert their Envy. It was thus, I only revenged myself, and perhaps they would have been glad I had taken another Method.

But it is true, all my Companions were not of the same malignant Humour. Several of

them had their Merit. But she who won my Friendship in particular, was a young *Parisian*, called *Mademoiselle de la Noy*. She was not only extremely beautiful, but had the tenderest, sincerest, Heart imaginable. Her Charms were free from the Shadow of Affectation, and stood in need of no Art to embellish them. She admitted of no Visit, but her dear *Nanny* was one of the Party; and it was in one of them, that my Heart found first itself made for Gallantry and Love.

Mademoiselle De la Noy had a young Relation, called the *Chevalier de Rosai*. Nothing can be imagined more friendly than his tender Affection for his amiable Relation, who made him all the Returns he deserved, and he deserved a Kind of infinite Gratitude. He had such a Person which engages Love at first Sight; and causes Emotion in all Beholders. I was destined to experience this myself. I saw this amiable Youth; I saw him, and was captivated with those Graces, which I think, would have made the Conquest of any Woman.

He had already been two Years at *Malta*, and was but on his Furlough, or Permission from the grand Master. He was scarce arrived at *Paris*, but he hastened to see his dear Cousin: A Letter which he sent, informed my Friend of the Day he hoped to see her. My dear Friend acquainted me of it, with visible Transports of Joy.

Joy: And as Sincerity flowed from her open, candid Heart, she drew me such an advantageous Picture of this young Knight, that I could not deny him before-hand my Esteem and good Opinion. But this was nothing to what I experienced afterwards.

After some Disquiet on my Side, they told Mademoiselle *De la Noy*, that her Relation was come. I was at that Instant in her Chamber; I do not know whether the Blush that mounted into my Cheeks betrayed me; but my dear Friend said to me, now my sweet *Nanny* we are going to receive more Pleasure from this one Visit, than Disgust from the insipid ones, we have so often borne with. I am afraid, reply'd I, that this Visit will cost me dear, if the Portrait you have drawn me resembles the Original. You have charm'd me, and I would judge by my own Eyes. While I spoke thus, I was giving the most graceful Air to my Head-Dress I was capable of: But I found it no easy Matter to content myself. In fine, I was ambitious of pleasing such a young Man of Beauty and Merit. I now began to be diffident of my Person, and was anxious about the Assistance of a well-placed Ribbon or Brilliant, at which my Friend could not contain from Laughter. But for God's Sake, said she, have done, my Dear; we are expected below. Yet I still cast a passing Glance at a Looking-Glass, which represented me

me in full Proportion. I own, I flattered myself, that my Charms might make some Impression on this young Chevalier: For my Friend's Description 'tis true, made me resolve, if possible, to make a Conquest of him.

We came to the Parlour, or Speaking-Room in the Convent. It is commonly the first Glance which decides in Love. The Chevalier began by paying his Compliments to his dear Relation; but I observed, with a hidden Rapture, that while he spoke to her, his Eyes would perpetually turn to me. No Language could equal their Softness and Passion: Methought I perceived in them, Admiration, Love, and Desire mixed together: In a Word, all that I wished. I know not what he thought of mine. The Blush, which began to warm my Cheeks, made me understand it was but decent, I should cast them downwards: And I think I did so, though I could not hinder myself from stealing side-Glances to the dear Object of my unexperienced Love. I was sensible these were Blemishes of strict Honour, or rather, perhaps, Pride; but I must have suffered too much to have complied with such Motives. Our Conversation now began. My Friend had a thousand little Pieces of News to prattle over; but he attended, and answered with such Reverie and Distraction, that it was no difficult Matter to perceive he was absent to what was said. *De la Noy*, to perplex

perplex me a little, pretended to find Fault; and this gave the Chevalier an Occasion to explain himself, which he did not let slip. Faith! my dear Cousin, said he, you will grant me at least, that these Distractions, which you have observed in me, cannot be more pardonable than they are; and let me tell you, you have been partly the Reason. I, Sir, replied she, the Cause of your Reverie: I cannot comprehend it: This is not our first Conversation, and I never had Reason before to blame you of such a Defect in Manners. Add, if you please, reply'd the young Gentleman, you never before brought me into such Danger. During this Discourse, the Chevalier's Eyes were incessantly fixed on me. Novice as I was in Love, I perfectly well understood this Language; for Love is Inclination and Instinct, not Art or Reasoning; and this the most simple Youth is fully capable of. Methought his Eyes said to my Soul, ah my dear Cousin, do you not see that enchanting, blooming Beauty, and if you do, can you doubt of the Reasons of my Reverie.

This was the Interpretation which I gave to the Chevalier's Looks; but he did not stop here. Acknowledge, continued he, my dear Cousin, that you never had such a beautiful Friend before to introduce me to. Ah! Sir, cried I, do not make a Jest of me; and never say I can be the Reason of the
Blame

Blame my dear Friend finds with you. Madam, replied briskly the Chevalier, if you knew your Merit, you would excuse me ; and I doubt not, but my Cousin is of my Opinion. But do you not know, Sir, said I, that your Cousin's Kindness for me, might make her Judgment suspected ? I will appeal then to the whole World, replied he. I own this open Warmth in him pleased me mightily ; for I had already the most tender Sentiments for him. Though I doubt some may think this was going at full Speed in Love ; yet reasonable Persons will confess, I believe, that a generous Mind the soonest gives itself to an amiable, engaging Object : while the dull and self-interested are always cold and cautious.

Shall I speak ingenuously ? And why not ? I own his youthful Beauty made such a sudden Impression on my Heart, that I thought all Perfections centered in my dear *Rosai*. A certain Emotion in my Looks, my Perplexity, my disconcerted Air, my stolen Glances ; nay, my very Sighs, and visible Languor betrayed my Love. The Chevalier perceived it ; and this made him precipitate his tender Declarations ; but he did this in so noble and passionate a Manner, with such an Air of Sincerity, that I was ravished with his Person and Behaviour. Madam, continued he, I esteem myself infinitely obliged to my Cousin here, for the Pleasure of
your

your Company. It shall be the future Happiness of my Life, to love and adore you. I dare not ask of you to flatter me with Hopes of what I most ardently desire; but if my constant Affection, and sincerest Services on all Occasions can deserve it, suffer me not to despair of obtaining at length your Pity and Esteem, if not your Love.

A tender young Heart must feel a Conflict on such an Occasion. A Sigh escaped me, and the Chevalier made his Advantage of it. Ah, my dear Creature, cried he aloud, does that Sigh promise me a glimmering of tender Hopes? Or does it proceed from an Impossibility there is of your loving me? Make me speedily the most happy or miserable of Mankind. The Happiness of my Life depends on what you are going to say.

I cursed in this Moment the too severe Rules of Woman's Honour, which obliged me to conceal what my own Heart dictated to me. Oh! the Pleasure I should have had to have disclosed at once the Sentiments of my Heart to the dear *Rosai*. O Chevalier, said *De la Noy*, this is a happy Speed; but are you not afraid of my finding Fault.

The Chevalier, who was afraid of offending me by a Continuation of his Visit, asked of me, in the most obliging Manner, whether it might be granted him to come some times

times and visit me. I had no Difficulty to have given an Answer; when the Heart dictates, it is easy to express its Sentiments. I only answer'd however, by a tender respectful Silence, which the Chevalier easily interpreted. He was obliged to return to *Paris*; but he told Mademoiselle *De la Noy*, that she should shortly return to a Country Seat, at a little Distance from *Meaux*, where his Parents resided.--- Ah, shall I acknowledge it? This Absence began to disquiet me: I lost my Happiness by it. I now, for the first Time, experienced the sweet Sollicitude of Love. How did my poor Heart begin to be agitated! I felt in Turn, Trouble, Desire, Fear, and Joy. These were my Reflections on this Change:---

The Chevalier is a most amiable Creature; my Reason cannot doubt of this: I need only, in this Point, listen to the Language of my Heart. But, does he love me? There's my true Concern. His Discourse, his Looks, his Languor, his tender Sighs, seem to assure me. But yet I am diffident of all these external Marks. Why so? Shall I believe that I was the Daughter of a *De la Porte*, a miserable Inn-keeper? The Thought will never settle in my Breast: The higher Rank of my Education, the exalted Thoughts which rise in my Bosom convince me to the contrary.

I could

I could not entertain these perplexing Thoughts without bursting into Tears. None but *De la Porte* could free me from these Doubts. I wrote to her, and I had the Satisfaction of being informed by her of my higher Expectations.

What a Scene of Joy for me! I ran to communicate my Joy to my Friend. True Joy cannot be concealed. My Friend, at my Entry, divined it. She congratulated me by Instinct.

I am sure, my dear Friend, cried she, some great good Fortune has befallen you.

You're not deceived, dear Madam, answered I. I then descended to Particulars; nay, I added agreeable Circumstances from my own Imagination. Ah! my Dear, said I, when I had finished my Story, are you not surpris'd at what you have heard?

I surpris'd! replied she obligingly, not at all: I assure you, I am not in the least; and you have told me nothing, which the Nobleness and Distinction of your Behaviour made me not conjecture before. Well, distrust that honest Heart of yours another Time: I take it to have an uncommon Talent of true Divination: it must be so, it is incapable of deceiving. But here, said she, here is something else for you. Read, what this will explain to you: I do not doubt but the Expressions will be agreeable, and answer your just Expectations.

It was not without Palpitation, that I unsealed the Letter which she gave me. I knew it came from the Chevalier; and doubted not but that it was filled with new Proteftations of Love. I could not difsemble with my Friend my too ftrong Joy; I therefore read it to her as follows.

My dear Charmer,

You muft be fupremely good to pardon my Prefumption. I am not contented with having told you, that I love you, but I dare to truft the Sentiments of my Heart to writing. How happy I, if they do not difpleafe you? It would be too great Self-Flattery to hope they will find a kind Reception. Yet the Happinefs of my Life depends on your Love. Pity me, that I cannot exprefs the Ardour of my Soul. But fhould you be cold to me, I find, I fhould love you as long as I live. Grant me but this Favour, never to fcorn my fincereft Flames and Amity.

Rofai.

Ah! my dear Creature, faid Mademoifelle De la Noy, to me, when I had read her the Letter, what do you think now? Was I deceived? Here are Marks of no vulgar Paffion. But inftead of answering, I immediately began to renew myfelf the Pleafure of reading it over again. I likewise perceived the Blufh, which began

began to warm my Cheeks, which I was desirous of hiding, though my Friend shewed me, that she took notice of my Perplexity. How can you be so cruel to me, said I to her, as soon as I began a little to recover from my Confusion, thus to make a Jest of me? I make sport of you! reply'd she; no, certainly, I would never do so; and to convince you, I assure you, that the young Chevalier shall know nothing of it. He has written to me, that his Love made him ardently wish for a second Visit; you shall judge of my Prudence, by what I say to him of the Reception which you have given to his Letter. We were on these Terms together, when a conventual Sister came to tell us, that it was time to go to the Refectory, which we instantly did.

It was the Custom, after Dinner, to take a little Recreation in the Garden; but I had a much more agreeable one for myself, than their Company could give me: For this Reason I pretended to have a violent Head-Ach, that I might have a Plea for retiring into my Chamber. Any one may imagine, that my Affection and Wit were not idle. I have a Letter, said I to myself, from my dear Chevalier: this, you must grant was enough for a young, tender Heart to employ itself in the most amusing Manner. I do not remember, that any Hours of my Life ever elapsed with greater seeming Rapidity

pidity to me, than those which I passed in this sweet Reverie.

It had been a full Hour I had been thus entertaining myself in my Chamber, when *La Lambert* came into it. It is inexpressible almost, how irksome her Company was to me. Alas! cou'd her's, or any of my Sex's Conversation equal my Pleasure in reading my young Lover's enchanting Letter? I believe there is not a Woman in the World, who, in the like Circumstance, would not have been in as bad a Humour as myself. However, my Governess was already entered, and close by me, and I had not as yet perceived her; she spoke to me, but I was deaf; so great, so ravishing was the Joy, which I took in the dear Letter, that I held in my Hand, and which engrossed all the Faculties of my Soul. I ought to have concealed it from the Eyes of my Governess; but it was now no longer Time.

Well, well, Madam, cried she, with an Air of Surprise, is it thus you deceive me: I must own, you shew your Ingenuity. They have just now frightened me with the News that a Pain in your Head had obliged you to retire from Company. I hurried hither, but I find your Head-Ach is a Letter, which transports you out of your Senses. Will you please to let me into the Secret. Ah, my dear Tutress, my dear Tutress, I cried out thus, without being

ing able to say more. Good, replied *la Lambert*. Divination is not very difficult in this Case, your Sigh has told me enough. But inform me yourself, or suffer me to read this Letter; I shall not need after it, I dare warrant, your Interpretation. No, my Dear, replied I, let me give you in this a Denial; perhaps, you would find Fault with me. Fy, answered my Governess; you are too timorous in your Suppositions; besides, perswade yourself, I know already a great Part of your Letter. But let me see it, or I shall not be easily reconciled to you; on the contrary, believe me, I shall always esteem myself obliged to you for such a Confidence. Take it then, said I, with some Emotion, giving her *Rosai's* Letter, which she read with Precipitation.

This is admirable, said she, after contenting her Curiosity: Things are in a promising Condition. This Lover is thoroughly captivated, but are you not afraid, lest your own Heart may be so too? Hide nothing from me. Does not in turn this young Gentleman seem amiable to you? Tell me, do not you love him? Open to me your Heart, and be perswaded, that my Counsels will not perhaps be to your Disadvantage. Ah my dear, cried I, throwing myself in a Transport about her Neck, spare me I beg of you such an Eclaircissement. Did you know the charming Qualities of the Chevalier, you would easily

easily judge, that I cannot be insensible to his Merit, and the Love he has professed for me. I will not conceal it from you; it was not in Regard to my Fortune, that the Obscurity of my Birth disquieted me: No, it was for fear it might prove an Obstacle to his Love.

Ah, my dear *Nanny*, replied she to me, ought you not rather to fear, that his Love may prove the Ruin of your Repose. I grant, that nothing can be imagined more charming for a tender, youthful Mind, than the Beginning of an amorous Passion; but alas! the Consequences are often, too, too often fatal. I may excuse myself from seeking famous Examples in History; my own Experience, alas! has but too well acquainted me with the detestable Perfidy of Men. Victim myself of their traiterous Villainy, I am condemned to perpetual Remorse, and for ever to curse the Hour when my tender Breast first entertained the Poison of Love. Can I, Oh just Heaven, recal again to my Mind those dreadful Misfortunes which I have undergone, without shedding a whole Torrent of Tears?

And indeed, while she spoke thus, she shed a Flood of Tears, intermixed with deep Sighs. This Sorrow, in which I saw her so suddenly plunged, surprised me. Yet less out of Curiosity, than the Part I took in her Affliction, I earnestly begged of her not to hide from me her History, which might possibly be of great Instruction

struction to me. You have, my dear, said I to her, hideously frightened me. Perhaps I ought to apprehend the same Woes which you have undergone. And how can I avoid Shipwreck upon those Rocks, where your Happiness was cast away, if you do not point them out to me? Love has hitherto appeared to me under the most charming Exterior. I know not what Treason, or Perfidy is. Conceal not from me your Knowledge of this Mystery. But my dear Creature, reply'd she, believe me, I value your Esteem; and I might lose once more what I ardently desire, should I reveal to you such Weaknesses, as I would, if it were possible, even hide from my own Reflection. But the Advantage you may reap from my Faults, ought to prevail with me over every other Consideration, and make me sacrifice to your Good that Confusion with which I shall be covered, when I relate to you my deplorable Misfortunes.

After this Introduction, which violently agitated me, she began thus.

I was born in a Town of *Franche Comté*, where my Parents held an honourable Rank. They forgot nothing to compleat my Education; and being full of the Principles and Sentiments of Religion, they took care betimes to instil the same into me. They were constantly giving

giving me Lessons of Virtue, of Wisdom, and Modesty. These are the only solid Goods, my Mother would daily repeat to me, far preferable to all the Splendor and Advantage of Fortune: And when she observed, that I was a little too sensible of the Advantages which I had received from Nature, that began to shew themselves in Proportion as I advanced in Years, she never failed of reproaching me for my Weakness. Reflect, my dear Daughter, would she say, that the Beauty of the Soul is what deserves your Attention, and reckon as nothing, or but as a fading Flower, this Beauty of the Body, which may even become a fatal Pre-eminence, if you do not join with it Wisdom and Virtue. My Reason began already to be enlightened. I comprehended the Usefulness of those Lessons, which were given me, and with Fervour endeavoured to put them in practice. I likewise made serious Reflections upon the Dangers to which my Salvation was exposed by the Conversation of a corrupted Age, on which Account I earnestly pressed my Parents to let me go into a Convent. But my Father, who had a particular Tenderness for me, would never consent to it.

Though he was unwilling to contradict my pious Resolution, yet he was desirous to be well assured of it: and I saw clearly, that he would have been extremely glad had my Inclination embraced

embraced a Marriage-state. I was now of an Age to come into the politeſt Companies ; and, I muſt own, the Homage which was viſibly paid by all to my Charms, began to flatter my Self-love ; for I was ſoon ſurrounded by a Crowd of humble Worſhippers, but I was inſenſible to all the Vows which they addreſs'd to me. I do not deny, tho', that I was born with a tender Soul ; but the Moment was not yet come, when I was to bend under the cruel Yoke of Love. A fatal Moment to me, which came, alas ! but too ſoon, for the Ruin of my Happineſs. I was not yet paſt fifteen, and I had already reſuſed ſeveral advantageous Propoſals that had been offer'd me. None, hitherto, as I ſaid before, had found the way to my Heart. I will grant, notwithstanding, that my ſilly Vanity was pleaſed with the Number of Admirers, who were always my moſt humble Servants. I heard nothing from them but continual Praise, which they gave to my Beauty. I think nothing can flatter human Vanity more. And this Pleaſure is ſure to be attended by a moſt agreeable Self-complaiſance. Fatal Snare ! in which almoſt our whole Sex are caught, Alas ! how dear do we often pay for the Love which we think only, we inſpire, but pay for by our real Affections ? This is, my dear Creature, continu'd ſhe (making a Pauſe, to eaſe her Heart by ſome Sighs) the Preface of my Calamities : Can you have Patience to hear

the Remainder of my Story? or shall I suppose you can be acquainted with it, and not pity me? Love appear'd to me at first, as well as to you, in the most charming Colours: The Traitor promised me nothing but Pleasure, when he design'd to poison my Heart with the most mortal Sorrows. Sure never did the Sun see a Youth more beautiful than he who first captivated my Soul; every Air, every Feature of him, charm'd all Beholders, and his Beauty seem'd the Radiance of a fairer Soul. Who would have ever thought that such an angelic Outside should hide a base, invidious Mind? I could not entertain the Idea, till his Artifice and Villainy had made me the unfortunate Victim of his pretended Passion.

Monf. *Delrey*, this was the Name of my ungrateful Lover, was a young Gentleman in our Province, Son of a Lieutenant of the King's Armies, who had signalized his Courage on many dangerous Occasions, and died at last with Sword in Hand, all covered with Glory and Wounds. His Widow was happy enough to obtain a Pension from the Court, which she employed in the Maintenance of her small Family, that consisted of three Sons. The youngest, who was the darling Object of his Mother, was likewise so of an old Aunt, from whom he expected a considerable Estate; but this old Gentlewoman was not of a Temper to part with

any

any thing during her Life-time. The Chevalier, whom I am speaking of, and who had a Troop of Horse, could have wish'd that the Countess of ———, his Aunt, would not have withheld so long her Money, which he stood in need of to support his Rank and Quality. My Father had the Confidence of this Lady, and it was to him that the Chevalier address'd himself, to gain his point with the Countess. She being thus prevail'd upon by the Sollicitations of my Father, whose Advice she was ever ready to follow, resolv'd at length to settle a Part of her Lands on the Chevalier: By which Deed he received the Title and Revenue. He could not be ignorant, that it was owing to the good Offices of my Relations, that he had obtain'd this Beginning of his Fortune; for which Reason, he seem'd eager, by his frequent Visits, to express his Gratitude. I know not whether the Sight of me had made the same Impressions upon him, which his Sight had made on me; but I thought I saw in his Countenance something very sprightly and tender. Perhaps my Eyes spoke an equally soft Language; for nothing is more difficult than to conceal Love, when we are once sincerely devoted to his Power. My perplex'd Air, and the Scarlet which glow'd in my Cheeks when my Eyes met his, sufficiently betray'd me: My Infant-passion was no longer a Mystery to the Chevalier; and he began to

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flatter himself, that it would not be difficult for him to make me sensible of his Passion. He purposed to have the Pleasure of a Conversation with me, in which he succeeded. Having ask'd of my Parents the Freedom of visiting at Times, they thought they could have no just Reasons for a Refusal. Ah! what a secret Pleasure was this to me? For, I will not conceal it, I own I should have suffer'd a mortal Grief, had I been deny'd the Pleasure of seeing an Object which was so dear to me. But this Pleasure was delay'd me for several Days. Alas! what Sighs and Uneasinesses did it cost me? The melancholly Revery in which I was plunged, made me imagine a thousand vain Subjects of Apprehension; my Eyes no longer enjoy'd the Sweets of Sleep; Tranquillity was banish'd from my Heart; and a thousand tormenting Doubts allow'd me no Repose. Wretch that I am! cry'd I to myself, ought I so suddenly to have indulged this perplexing Passion? What! could I no longer defend my Heart? Ah! I should, at least for some time, were it only for Honour's sake, have conceal'd my Weakness; but I am afraid that my Sighs, my Uneasiness, my Pleasure in his Company, have already discovered my Secret. Doubtless, the ungrateful Creature knows I love him; he knows all the Excess of my Passion, and he is insensible to it.

Happy

Happy had I been, my dear Guard, had the Chevalier been as insensible as I thought him; his Affection was the utmost of my Wishes. O Heavens! how could I suspect he was to be the Cause of my whole Life's Bitterness?

A Letter which I received from the Chevalier compos'd my Mind. Nothing, certainly, could be imagin'd more respectfully passionate or tender than the Stile which he wrote in to me; he told me in it, that certain urgent Affairs had detained him some Days longer in the City than he expected; but that he waited impatiently the Time, which would be on the Morrow, when he might enjoy the Privilege which my Parents had granted him, of free Visits; and that if they were not troublesome to me, he would find means of multiplying them: He ended, by assuring me, that he desired no greater Happiness, than to convince me of the sincere Ardor with which he paid Homage to my Charms.

Imagine now, continued she, my dear Creature, with what Impatience I waited for the happy Moment, as I too fondly believed it. If Uneasiness before had deprived me of Sleep, Joy now hindred me from taking one Moment's quiet Rest; for, alas! Sleep was not so agreeable to me, as the flattering Ideas which I form'd to myself from his Presence and Discourse. I thought I should be entertain'd with transporting Sweetness and harmonious Pleasure.

The Desire of pleasing my Lover, made me anticipate the Hour of my Rising. I would take advantage of all the Succours which Art could lend me. I never took such pains in my Dress before ; nor ever, as I thought, did my Care succeed better. The inward Satisfaction which I felt, had spread in my Eyes. I know not what of melting and passionate, which, methoughts I had never before observed.

Wonderful Effect this of Love ! For what could be more strange or sudden, than what it had wrought in me ? Methought it was in vain I endeavour'd to know myself again : My Desires of a Retreat and religious Life were vanished : I had no longer that Horror I used to have of Pride and Gallantry : That sweet Harmony of all my Mind, which made me pass whole Months in celestial Tranquillity, seem'd a Vision to me. These are Reflections, which, my dear Lady, said she, perhaps your Heart cannot at present easily relish. But if the Sweetness of a first Love seduces you, ah ! reflect in time, of the Misfortunes which it may cause you. The Sequel of my Story will furnish you with salutary Hints : But let us proceed to the Visit which I was to receive from my Lover ; for my Parents were only his Pretence.

I have told you, that I did not leave my Toilette till my Vanity had been thoroughly satisfied with the Ornaments thereof. I now was

to

to try the Efficacy of them upon the Affections of the Chevalier. I waited for the Opportunity with the utmost Impatience; I began even to reproach him for his Slowness, when they came to advise me of his coming. The Heart beats on these Occasions in young Persons; and, I must confess, I had much to do to conceal from my Parents the Emotions of it in this Visit. I perceived such an exquisite Taste, Magnificence, and Elegancy in his Dress, that I clearly understood, the Desire of pleasing no less reign'd in his Heart than in mine. Perhaps his Reflections were the same in regard of me, which I was not sorry for. I shall not mention, that during the Chevalier's Conversation with my Parents, our Eyes held, by stolen Glances, the most tender Intercourse imaginable: But this silent Eloquence could not suffice us; we wanted to be alone; we wish'd it with equal Ardor; and Chance favour'd us. My Father, who entertain'd Company that Day, invited my Lover to Dinner: And it was after the Repast, which was followed by a Party at Cards, in which the Chevalier would not engage, that we had the Opportunity of discoursing together. But I ought to abridge my Story, added my Governess; I shall therefore leave to your Imagination the tender Sentiments which must have risen in both our youthful enamour'd Breasts, in this and many other like Occasions. In fine, every pri-

vate Conversation became sweeter to me—but one, which I shall acquaint you with, interested me too nearly ever to be forgotten by me.

The Chevalier, one Day, when he came to visit me, appeared, methought, sad and melancholy: His Mind did not seem to be in its usual Situation: I asked him the Reason. You know, Madam, said he to me, the Vivacity of my Desires, as well as the Purity of my Intentions; you know my Happiness consists in uniting my Lot with yours. But alas! what Obstacles are there in the way to impede this Union? Obstacles! reply'd I, with Astonishment; and from whence, I pray Sir, should they come? Ah! charming Creature, answer'd he, do you not perceive this as well as I? No, truly, said I. What! return'd he, do you not know that my Parents carry to an excess the Pride they take in their Nobility. It is not that they do not Justice by their Esteem to your Family; but ——— Well, Sir, reply'd I briskly, I begin to understand you. This, I own, is a Compliment which I no ways expected: You think, then, that an Alliance with us, would be an Infamy to your Family; for what you have said to me must end in this. The Chevalier, who saw that his Discourse began to vex, endeavour'd to appease me: He flung himself at my Knees, fetch'd some Sighs, and bath'd my Hands with his Tears. My adorable Queen, said he, looking in the most passionate

passionate manner at me, would you be so unjust, as to make me responsible for the Extravagances of my Parents? Would you punish me for their obstinate Folly? And would you let my Love languish for their Pride? Is their Consent absolutely necessary for us mutually to enter into those sweet indissoluble Bonds which can never be broken? A clandestine Marriage— At these Words I could no longer contain my Anger; I designed to rise, and abruptly leave the Chevalier; but it was in vain that I endeavoured to draw my Hands from betwixt his. Ah! Sir, cry'd I out, for Honour's sake dismiss me: After what I have heard, believe this the last time you must expect to see me; my Reputation is alarmed. But, Madam, reply'd the Chevalier, can you entertain the Thought, that your Honour is less dear to me than you? Are there wanting illustrious Examples in History, which apologize for, if not authorize, my Counsel? Reflect, that if you prove deaf, you will condemn me to the most cruel Torture, because you will deprive me of the ravishing Hope of being yours: But, added he, I am afraid I have a Glympe of the true Cause of your Refusal; yes, you do not love me; perhaps I am odious to you. Ungrateful Creature! you command me never more to see you. Well, I must for ever then free you from my troublesome Presence; I shall therefore lead, far from

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you, a languishing Life, waiting till a premature Death shall convince you, that I could not survive your Indifference and Hatred.

Ah ! my dear Charge, cry'd out here my Governess, how weak is a youthful Heart on such an Occasion ? How can it defend itself against that Tenderness which is so apt to possess it ? The Chevalier was before my Knees ; I saw him burst into Tears ; Despair and Anguish seem'd to have darken'd his Eyes ; and such an Appearance made me apprehend the Danger of his Life. Had I only consulted my Love, I should have easily taken my Resolution ; but I struggled to reconcile Love and Duty. Alas ! the Task must be acknowledged difficult : After some Moments of Reflexion, I thought I might reconcile them together : Hear what I answer'd my Lover, who seem'd to wait, trembling, the Sentence of his Fate.

No, my dear Chevalier, said I, wiping off his Tears with one Hand, while I abandon'd the other to his Caresses ; no, you ought not to alarm yourself at the Refusal I have made, of your Proposal. I will not conceal from you, that my Affection murmurs at it ; but can I silence that secret Voice of Duty which whispers in my Heart ? Shall I forget the Respect and Submission which I owe to my Parents ? Can I resolve to dispose of myself without their Consent ? Ah ! the Grief which such a Conduct would

would throw me into makes me tremble. But, my dear Chevalier, perhaps the Consent of my Parents will not be so difficult to obtain. Solicit them; prove to my Father the Sincerity of your Affection; obtain but his Leave, and my Love shall answer for the rest. I know not what pass'd upon this in his Mind, but he made me expect his Answer some Minutes. I observed in him a peplex'd Air, which astonish'd me; yet I would not press him too much for an Answer: Doubtless, he had not expected such a Resistance. His first Design having fail'd, he entertained a second; and after having well weigh'd it, he spake thus: Yes, Madam, I am perswaded, you are in the right; it is proper I should speak to your Parents, and take with them convenient Measures. Perhaps your Father, who has all the Confidence of my Aunt, will succeed better than I, in obtaining that Assent which interests us both: What think you, Madam? Nothing can be thought of better, reply'd I; this is the only Method to spare us many Remorses and Chagrines. Certainly, added he; but I have another Thought. I must explain myself, before I solicit your Parents. It is not impossible, but that I may obtain the Consent of the old Countess; for, as you well know, it is upon her that my future Fortune depends: Would not this be the shortest and surest Way? Ah! Sir, can you ask me this?

This

This is acting regularly, and none suffer by such Proceedings. I am therefore going, adds he, to compleat, if possible, our Wishes. I shall, I fear, meet with Difficulties and Delays; but perhaps I shall be victorious in the End.

Having finish'd these Words, the Chevalier left me. I belived that he hasted, out of Love, to take the necessary Measures to bring about this Project. I thought every Day would bring me some happy News: But a Month passed without his acquainting me with any thing certain. Yet, in the mean time, he writ to me, that his Mother could not resist his Tears and Prayers; that he hoped the Countess herself, whose Consent interest'd him the most, could not hold out long; and when he had obtained it, he would then fervently address himself to my Parents.

With these flattering Hopes, I gave myself up to the most sprightly Joy; every Instant increased my Love, because every Moment was distinguish'd by some new Assurance the Chevalier gave me of his Tenderness. I thought of nothing, either Night or Day, but our approaching Felicity. Ah! shall I acknowledge it, I perpetually sigh'd after the Minute when I should be in his Embraces. But, alas! this was a vain Hope: The fatal Hour approach'd, when I was to experience the Rigor of my cruel Stars. I was going to be the wretched Victim of the
faithless

faithless Man whom I adored; nor would any other in my place, have suspected, more than I, the Misery with which I was threatened: And I would have you, by this Proof, judge of the Baseness of Mankind.

My Parents had been invited to pass two Days in the Country: It was a Party of Diversion which they could not refuse. I purposed to myself an uncommon Pleasure in accompanying them; but a slight Indisposition hindered me. I was obliged to stay at home with two Domesticks. The Chevalier came to visit me in the Morning, and we had already passed two Hours together, without his once hinting to me what Turn our Affairs had taken. His Silence surprized me; and I reproach'd him in such a manner as I saw puzzled him; and as he used Evasions, I press'd him in one word to tell me the Truth. Why, said I, will you thus equivocate? Think not, Sir, that the Grief I undergo from these Ambiguities is less than what I have to apprehend from any Truth you can tell me. Alas! reply'd he, sighing, and affecting a deep Sadness; can any thing be more dreadful than disappointed Love? It is over; all Hope is lost; the proud inexorable Countess, that cruel Aunt, whom I flatter'd myself to win with my Tears, is deaf to all my Prayers: I am even threatened with the cruellest Effects of her Anger, if I dare so much as once more to
mention

mention my Love. It is therefore no longer possible, unless by a secret Obligation—No, no, Sir, reply'd I smartly, without permitting him Time to finish, you know already my Sentiments, and nothing can be capable of altering them: Not but my Heart suffers as much as yours, for her unjust Refusal: But let us arm ourselves with Patience, and wait till Time will assist us. This would be, reply'd the Chevalier boldly, to flatter ourselves with chimerical Expectations; therefore decide, if you please, to join in a Design which only can insure our Happiness; or else believe, we must for ever despair of it. It was in vain that he redoubled his Arguments to persuade me to consent to his Proposal: tho' I did not perceive that he was provoked at my Refusal; he only answer'd, that he clearly saw, that he must use other Means to overcome my Repugnance. I did not understand his Words; and I vainly endeavour'd to unravel the true Meaning: For, alas! I was far from comprehending his hidden Intention. What caused me no small Uneasiness was, that the Chevalier left me abruptly. I thought I likewise saw in his Face a Confusion which alarm'd me, without being able to give a Reason for it to myself. In fine, I found myself, I know not how, overwhelm'd, the rest of the day, with an oppressive Melancholy.

I was

I was in my Chamber, where I entertain'd my pensive Ideas, when an old Governess, who had remained in the House with a Lacquey, came to ask of me if I would go down to Supper. I refused her at first; but this perfidious Wretch pressed me so long, that I could not refuse her longer. During the Repast, this Traitors, to dissipate my Thoughtfulness, told me a hundred amusing Stories: But perceiving that they wearied, instead of amusing me, she began to mention the Chevalier, imagining this Topic would have a better Effect; she made me such a finish'd Picture of him, and exaggerated to me so far his Merits and fine Qualities, that I could not doubt but that she was entirely in his Interests: It was not long before I was entirely convinced.

I certainly was never naturally drowsy; but was accustomed to keep awake good part of the Night, and employ myself in reading several Books before I went to Rest. But scarce had I risen from Table, but I felt my Eyelids heavy; and soon had such a violent Inclination for Sleep, that I had neither the Strength to support, or even Power to undress myself. Cursed Sleep! Why was it not the Sleep of Death? Why did Heaven suffer me to survive the Infamy which I was destin'd to! I cannot, without Horror, recal to my Mind my waking Moment: No, nothing could be more hideous than my Astonishment. O good God! what was my Amazement!

ment? The Chevalier held me lock'd in his Arms. The Villain had triumphed over my Honour. I raised a lamentable mournful Cry; tore my Hair; I bruised my Face with Blows; and Fury adding to my Strength, I snatch'd myself from his Arms, without his being able to hold me. I perceived his Sword on the Table: I rush'd out of Bed, and with a Hand animated by Rage, I ran to seize it. Infamous Monster! cry'd I, endeavouring to pull it from the Scabbard, it is in thy Blood, in mine, that I will wash off the Shame thou hast expos'd me to. Why, alas! was my Strength unequal to my Design? The Sword fell from my Hands; and my Knees being no longer capable of supporting my Body, I fell breathless on a Couch. The barbarous Care the Chevalier took to recall me to Life, revived me: He held my Hands enclosed in his. He was at my Knees, without daring to fix his Eyes on mine. Yes, said he with Tears, you ought to sacrifice me to your just Anger; and if you are afraid of spilling my impure Blood, I myself will revenge you, by letting out the last Drop of it. It is not Death, it is your just Hatred which alarms me. Traitor, or worse than Traitor, cry'd I, if thou fear'dst my Indignation, why didst thou deserve it? Ah! reply'd he, accuse the Violence of my Love. Villain! said I, with the violentest Agitation, say rather, it was thy base, sordid, brut-

ish, cruel Passion. Was this the perfidious Return thou design'dst for my sincere Kindness? O heavens! added I, with a flood of Tears, what will become of me? Dear Mother, whom I so religiously reverence, how shall I dare to appear in thy sight? Could'st thou, didst thou know my Disgrace, ever acknowledge me for thy Daughter! Thy Daughter, now become the Shame of my Family? What Shade, what Obscurity, is dark enough to hide my Sorrow? No, I will not survive my Misfortune; I will listen to nothing, but my Despair. Ah! for Heaven's sake, reply'd the Traitor at my Knees, moderate your Transports; the Evil I have done is not without a Remedy; I ought to repair it; my Honour requires it; I will throw myself, if necessary, at the Feet of your Parents; I will make a sincere Acknowledgment to them of my Crime; perhaps I may be so happy as to disarm their Resentment. What! reply'd I, shall I suffer them to be stabb'd to the heart with the Knowledge of my calamitous eternal Disgrace? No, I will never consent. And it was the fatal Care which I took to conceal it from them so long a time, which occasion'd me my most bitter Misfortunes.

The Chevalier pressed me in vain to consent; a false-grounded Shame withheld me: I would not permit him to speak of it to my Parents. Neither his Tears, Sighs, or all the other Signs
which

which he gave me of a true Repentance, could calm the Fury with which I was enflamed. He was now become the Object of my Detestation, and I could not resolve to see him any more. I had even such a Repugnance to speak to him, that I could not prevail upon myself to ask him, what Artifice he had used to gain his Ends of me. It was from my wicked Governess that I learnt it; for she being intimidated by my Threats, of delivering her up to the Fury of my Father, if she disguised the Truth; she acknowledged, that being prevail'd upon by the Liberalities of the Chevalier, she undertook to give me a soporific Draught, which would throw me into a deep Sleep, and then introduce my perfidious Lover into my Chamber as soon as the Drug had wrought its Effect. I should not have contented myself with the Reproaches with which I loaded this base Wretch, but should certainly have stabb'd her, if I had retained sufficient Strength or Presence of Mind to fix upon any Resolution.

In the mean time my Parents returned from the Country. Whatever Care I took to hide from them the Torture of my Heart, I could not conceal the deep Melancholy and Anguish which appeared in my Countenance: They still saw the Traces of Tears which had flow'd down my Cheeks. I could not smother some Sighs, which escap'd in spite of all my Caution. My
Mother,

Mother, who tenderly loved me, came to my Chamber; she found me in Bed: But she was not surpris'd, because she had left me a little indispos'd at her Departure. There was nothing but the extreme Agitation which she perceived in me, and which I could not hide, which gave her Uneasiness; she was too sensibly touch'd, not to ask me the Reason. But the Fear of piercing my Mother to the Heart, and the Shame of publishing my own Disgrace, shut my Mouth. Instead of ingenuously acquainting her with the Truth, which certainly would have screen'd me from a part of those Misfortunes which afterwards beset me, I took the Resolution of pretending most violent Pains; and I had no Difficulty in persuading her.

Several Days past before I left my Chamber. Methought each Person I saw would be a Witness of my Shame. I fancied my Misfortune written on my Forehead. How do I know, said I to myself, but that the perfidious Wretch, tho' obliged to conceal his base Action from the World, may not have made a Secret of it to some intimad Friend. Thus was I ingenious to torment myself by a thousand imaginary Fears, that every one would publish my Confusion.

I was in these terrible Agitations, when I received a Letter from the abominable Author of them. Though I was inclin'd to have sent it back unseal'd, yet, I must own, my feminine Curiosity

riosity made me open it. I was desirous to know what such a Villain could write to me. Thus hurried away by this last Motive, I had broke open the Seal before I well knew what I was doing. He writ to me, besides other things, that the Violence of his Love had forced him to use that Artifice; and how he was going to his Garrison, that my Anger might have Time to grow cooler, but that his Love would not suffer him to delay his quick Return. I imagin'd not, that he could ever any more become the Object of my Tendernefs; but knew not, as yet, that I was destin'd to bear the public Mark of my Disgrace. Six Months pass'd without any one perceiving it. But how many Sighs escaped me? how many Tears did I shed? how many Mortifications had I to devour in secret? In a word, what Condition could be more deplorable than mine? I could no longer conceal the Subject of my cruel Pains. I but too happily advanced in my Pregnancy; and I expos'd myself to be the Talk of the Town, if I went into Company: I therefore feign'd an Indisposition which required the Country Air: But an unlucky Accident had in part betrayed me. My Mother was alarm'd at my Condition; her Doubts required a Solution; and there was none but I that could give her one. This tender Mother, therefore, took me one Day aside: Her Perplexity seem'd no less than mine, when she began to question me; for
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tho' the Regularity of my Conduct pleaded for my Innocence, yet her Eyes too easily discovered my Shame.

You must think, my dear Child, said she to me, how much I suffer from this Uneasiness which I see you strive in vain to hide ; wherefore make me not a Stranger to it ; and do not fear to disburthen your Heart into the Bosom of a Mother who most tenderly loves you. This moving Invitation was accompanied with a thousand Caresses ; she held me closely press'd in her Arms. But, alas ! I could not answer her, but by my Sighs, my Tears, and Silence ; I dared not raise my Eyes : This encreased her Fear and Suspicion. What can be the Reason, said she, of this obstinate Silence ? Will you let me be always a Prey to my tormenting Thoughts ? I see you daily waste away and look pale, without any visible Distemper : It is a deep Melancholy which destroys your Health, and you conceal the Cause from me. Consider, my beloved Child, continued this kind Mother, that your Life is not less dear to me than my own ; and if you love me, have a care of putting a Period to my Life, by hiding your Grief. Ah ! cry'd I out, shall I not sooner be the Cause of your Death, if I tell you the Truth ? No, Madam, no, added I, I dare not call you by the Name of Mother, for I am not worthy of such Honour ; you ought no longer to acknowledge me for your Daughter ;

Daughter ; angry Heaven has certainly design'd that I should be an Object of your Horror and Detestation : And then I gave her, with a thousand Sighs, the History of my Misfortunes. But, O Heavens ! what an afflicting Story was this for my Mother ; she could not hear it without the most violent Transports of Grief ; she was ready to sink under the Burden : Yet I was unhappy, and not guilty. Therefore, without making me the least Reproach, she turn'd all her Resentment against the Traitor. I had thrown myself at her Feet, which I bath'd with my Tears ; she rais'd me with tender Pity ; she approved of the Design I had of retiring into the Country, and made me depart the following Day.

In the mean time, my Betrayer was returned from his Garrison. My Father, whom my Mother thought herself obliged to acquaint with my Misfortunes, transported by his Rage, swore the Death of the Chevalier, if he did not repair my Honour by a speedy Marriage. He went to him ; the Discourse he had with him was short ; one decisive Word was the Subject ; and the young Gentleman, whose Character was by no means that of a Heroe, intimidated by my Father's Threats, made no difficulty of giving his Promise to marry me. He only desired, as he said, a small Delay, to obtain more honourably the Consent of his Family. But this was a new Artifice of his Fraud,

Fraud, to which he was to fall the miserable Victim. I know not whether he had ask'd my Parents the Permission of visiting me; or, finding out my Retreat, came to me without their Knowledge. It is easy to imagine the Subject of such a Conversation: He repeated to me, with all the Signs of a true Repentance, those Excuses which he had made before to appease my first Indignation. He seem'd to me even to have a real Joy for the Disposition of my Parents in respect of our Marriage, which he promised to conclude as soon as possible. Knowing the Intentions of my Parents, and how much they had at heart this public Reparation of my Honour, I suffered myself to be prevail'd on by the Chevalier's Tears; and if he had not the same Tenderness from me, yet he might perceive my Anger was abated towards him; and in his following Visits he quite extinguish'd it. At this Time a Letter from my Father inform'd me, that I was become again the Dupe of the Chevalier. He had pretended, as was said before, that he desired no Delay of our Marriage, but to gain the Consent of our Parents; but his Disingenuity thought of nothing less. Tho' my Father was doubly incensed at this Behaviour, yet he moderated still the Fury of his Vengeance. He would have another Explanation with the Chevalier; but he declined it, upon pretence, that his Parents were totally averse to his Proposal.

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My Father gave him to understand, that he did not design to be the Dupe of his Knavery. The Chevalier, upon this, swore in the most solemn manner, that he would fulfil his Promise in eight Days: And it was upon pretence of an unavoidable Journey, that he obtained this farther Delay. But the Measure of his Crimes was fill'd up, and this last piece of Villainy did not succeed so well as he had imagined.

My Governess was come to this point, when we were call'd down to Dinner. My Mind being engrossed by the Idea of her Story, I was impatient to be at liberty again, to hear the Conclusion: Therefore we withdrew as soon as Decency permitted us.

We had no sooner dined, but my Governess and I hastened to my Chamber, where she thus continued her Story.—Ah! my dear young Lady, what cruel Adventures remain behind for me to tell you. Knowing, as I do, your sensible Heart, I am sure they will excite your Tears and Pity. I said, how the Chevalier had ask'd eight Days of Delay: It was during this Interval that my Brother, after an Absence of several Years, returned home again. They thought themselves obliged to make him privy to my Circumstance; an Imprudence which drew on the most calamitous Catastrophe. My Brother, who had always for me the most tender Affection; and who joined with the most fiery
Temper

Temper, the most intrepid Valour, could not, without trembling with Rage, hear the barbarous Injustice which had been done me; and it was only out of the consideration of my Honour, that he one Moment deferr'd his Vengeance. I was too dear to him, not to make him haste to see me in my Retirement. My Father would accompany him. My Mother had I know not what of a secret Apprehension of the Dangers which my Father and Brother were going to expose themselves to; and she forgot nothing to dissuade them from this Journey. But her Remonstrances and Prayers were to no purpose. It was by the same Presage, that she burst into a flood of Tears when she saw them get on horse-back. The Place of my Retreat was betwixt five and six Leagues from Town. My Lover, to hide his Visits, came in a Hunting-dress, with a Gun under his Arm, and without a Domestic. Near the same Instant that he left me, my Relations set forward to see me, so that they could not easily miss of meeting.

My Father and my Brother, who knew him not, were going an easy Pace, when they perceived a Man, who seem'd willing to avoid them, by leaving precipitately the High-road, and making with all haste to a Wood. My Father, who had already some Suspicion of the Chevalier's clandestine Visits, thought he was the Person;

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and

and in his Surprise cried out, Is it he? What! would the Deceiver still impose upon me? His Journey then was a meer Fiction. Certainly, added he, it is the Chevalier, or my Eyes deceive me. But why does he shun me? The Chevalier! reply'd my Brother. And, without saying more, or waiting an Answer, he followed his natural Impetuosity, and pursued him full gallop. My Father cry'd after him, but in vain, Stop, stop, my Son, or you will ruine us both. The fatal Moment was come, when Heaven designed to punish my Traitor for his Crimes. He had just left me; and I clearly saw the dishonest Wretch only sought to abuse mine and my Relations Credulity: He pretended a thousand new Obstacles, a thousand new insurmountable Difficulties, which he invented to deceive me by his disingenuous Artifice; but divine Justice design'd him first to smart by it. He was the only Criminal; and why should he not have been the only one punished? Why should his Villainy involve in Misery my Parents?

My Brother was no sooner near enough to be heard by him, who hasted to the Forest, but he bade him stop. Sir, cry'd he out, as loud as he could, I have no Design against your Life; repair but the Injury which you have done my Sister, and I am your Friend. The Chevalier seeing himself so closely follow'd, and having no Inclination

clination to keep his Word, stopp'd short behind a Tree, turns towards my Brother, and threatens to shoot him if he advanced; in effect, he cock'd his Gun, took aim, and discharged it; but missed his Mark. My Brother, who had scarce the Leisure of seizing his Pistol, giving way to his Resentment, approach'd the Wretch who had attempted his Life, and sacrificed him to his Fury. Oh! what Calamities had my Family avoided, could he have moderated himself! My Father, who in vain had made what Speed he could, came not-up till the Chevalier, weltering in his Blood, was ready to expire. The generous Pity of my Father could not save his Life. Ah! how I wish, at least, that the Horror of his Injustice might then have open'd his Eyes. But, far from Repentance, he, with his dying Words, accused my Family with many Falsities. For that Day, a number of Archers were disperfed round about; and it was by the greatest good Fortune that my Father and Brother escaped their strict Pursuit.

I want Expressions to describe to you the Sorrow which seized me upon hearing this melancholy News. I and my unfortunate Mother were both dragg'd to Prison; and then call'd before the Judges, who put a thousand mortifying Questions to me: But the Confusion which this caused me, was nothing in comparison of the

Injustice which I was to suffer. My dear Father was forced to abandon his Country ; a Brother, who did but defend my Innocence, was condemned to lose his Life on an infamous Scaffold. And, to consummate all, our miserable Family was reduced to the last Indigence, by the Confiscation of all our Goods. Ah, just Heaven ! how have I been able to make head against such a Flood of Calamities ! Was not the least of these Misfortunes enough to overwhelm me ? Yet I was reserved for other Afflictions.

My Mother, my dear Mother, that tenderest of human Creatures, could no longer resist her Grief ; a mortal Languor seized her, and made her sensible that her last Hour approached. How, alas ! durst I offer myself to her Sight ? What just, what mortal Reproaches might she not have made me ? But her Charity and Pity would not suffer her : She desired that I might be brought to her. All bath'd in Tears, I flung myself at her Feet ; but she obliged me to get up ; and made a Sign for me to come to her Bed side. “ Unhappy Daughter, said she, in a weak and broken Voice (fixing on me at the same time a most tender look) all is over ; I expect not to live ; and you are going to see me no more. I will not afflict you, by the remembrance of what is past ; but suffer me to carry this Comfort to the Grave, that you will never forget the Lessons of Wisdom and Virtue which I am now,
for

for the last time, going to give you: Be far from breaking out into Murmurs and Complaints against Providence; respect, with Humility and Submission its inscrutable Decrees; adore them; kiss, with an entire Resignation, that merciful Hand, which never strikes us, but with a Design of our Good. All Events are the Effects of infinite Wisdom. Put, dear Child, all your Confidence, all your Hopes in God: It is by the Purity of your Manners, by the Regularity and Unblameableness of your Conduct, that you must endeavour to render him propitious to you. Tho' Man, short-sighted Man, who judges not but by Appearances, condemns and despises you, profit by your Humiliations, and pursue more diligently his Approbation, whose Love alone is true Honour; and since it is by Ignominies and Opprobrium that your Redeemer calls you to himself, oppose not his merciful Designs; make him a Sacrifice of all your Troubles, as I do of my Life. Farewel, said this kindest Mother, holding out to me a feeble, icy Hand, already frozen and benumbed by Death, which I wetted with my Tears. Retire, continued she, in a faltering Voice, I perceive my Spirits fail me: Leave me to employ my last Thoughts in a proper manner, and let not my Affection for you withdraw at this time my Heart from God."

The small Time which she lived after this was employed in short fervent Prayers; and it

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was in this holy Exercise, that the kindest and tenderest Mother that ever lived, breath'd out her Soul to God who gave it.

In this Place my sorrowful Governess burst into Tears; and it was not without great Violence to herself, that she continued to finish, in a few Words, thus: That after having born a Child, which died almost the same Instant, she determin'd to seek an Asylum in *Paris*, with an old Uncle, who gave her the generous Reception I before mentioned.

I could not refuse my Tears to the Calamities of my unfortunate Governess; but I did not foresee those Sorrows I was going to be plunged in myself. My Lot was to be almost as deplorable as hers. What a strange Reverse of Fortune was I to experience? What unlook'd-for Distresses one upon another?

Haste, said a Lay-sister, running in to us as soon as my Governess had finish'd her Story, haste, Madam, and come to the Speaking-room; you are ask'd for; they are all in Tears below; all in Lamentation. I hurried down, frightened before-hand with the Apprehension of what I was to hear. Their Tears and Cries fill'd me with a thousand Horrors; but I was still ignorant of the Subject; this was what I could not divine on a sudden. Ah! good God! what are we all? cry'd out a young Woman, all blubber'd

ber'd with Tears, at the Grate, and who shewed all external Marks of a sincere Grief. Then she sobb'd and went on : Ah ! 'tis too true a Saying, Death gives no Warning when she designs us a sure Blow. My Aunt, my poor Aunt, what a Pity ! Who can bear it ? Poor, good old Woman ! She that was in such good Health Yesterday, is To-day stone-dead, or little better. Ah ! dear young Lady, continued this Girl, who now began to give herself visibly the Grimaces of a feigned Sorrow, ah ! what a Loss are you going to have likewise ; your good Nurse, who was another Mamma, poor *De la Porte*, who loved you and me so well, unless our good Lord save her, will be with us no more ; she does nothing but talk of and cry for you ; it is her dear *Nancy*, nothing but her dear *Nancy*, that she repeats to us : In one word, as well as a hundred, she must see you ; come and bid her Farewel ; she is ready to do the same to you, dear Lady, for ever. O heavens ! cry'd I, in a Voice that testified my real Sorrow, what is this you tell me ! What you will see with your own Eyes, Madam, reply'd she, if you will not lose any time ; and you see me so affected, that I believe I should die of my Grief, if I did not reflect that the good Woman is very old. 'Tis true, she leaves me something ; but, Madam, what signifies that, when one has a tender Heart like me ? Ah ! I could have had Patience very well some

time longer, and I should have lost nothing by it; she would have hoarded up some little Money more for me; and, as the Proverb says, Money hurts No-body; but we must have Patience in all Cases, for no one can have all things in this Life. But, alas! I perceive I stay here. Consider, Madam, whether you would have me wait for you, or must I go before, and you will follow after: And now I cannot tell but I shall find her dead when I get home; she may have made, God knows, her long Journey; she may be of a piece in this; for you know the good Woman loved to surprize Every-body with something or other.

Had I been less affected for the Death of my honest Nurse, I would not have spared her ungrateful Niece the Reproaches which she deserved; but each Moment was precious, and I had none to lose. So I ran to the Lady Abbess, and asked her Permission to visit the dying Person. My Eyes were full of Tears, and I do not think I should have shed more, had I been in Apprehensions for the Life of her who gave me Birth. Go, Madam, said the Abbess, when I had told her my Reasons; be not ashamed to let me see you thus; those Tears become you, and shew a good natural Temper. Alas! poor young Creature, added she, your Sorrow would be still more lively did you comprehend all the Loss you are going to have in her; But I stop: You must know

know it too soon : Go then, lose no Time, and let your Governess accompany you.

What a barbarous unpolite Compassion was this? Was not this an unseasonable Time to oppress me more with new Fears? What can mean, thought I in myself, these cold dark Words, *Poor young Creature*, pronounced in a Tone of Pity? What have I further to fear? I thought I had already Grief and Concern enough. It was, tho', but too true, that I was shortly to be acquainted with another part of my Misfortunes. The Death of my Nurse was to be the Beginning of my mournful Story.

I then left the Convent, all in Tears, along with my Governess. I had been told, that she whom I was so grieved for, was at the very point of Death. I was afraid lest the shortest Delay might deprive me of the melancholy Comfort of giving her my last Farewel, and the most sensible Proofs of my Gratitude and Tenderness for her Care of me. Thus I seemed to fly. But, alas! she had but few Minutes to live when I came to her; the Gout in her Stomach and Head threatened to suffocate her every Moment; it was even with the greatest Difficulty that she breathed; her weak Voice scarce could be understood; her Eyes, that began to close in Death, opened no more to the Light: But as soon as I approach'd the Bed, and she heard my Voice, my Presence seemed to revive her.

Having struggled to turn to my Side, she fixed on me her dying Looks, and held out to me a trembling convulsive Hand, which I warmed with my Tears. Ah! my dear Daughter, my dear Daughter, said she, let me once more call you by this sweet Name; I long'd to see you; how afraid was I to be deprived of this Consolation: But, praised be God, I see you again; and I die content. No, no, my dear Mamma, cry'd I, with a Tenderness which interrupted my Speech; no, you are not going to die yet; the Mercy of Heaven will spare you for my sake. Alas! what will become of me if I lose you? Where shall I find another so tender Mother? Ah! my dear Child, replied my faltering Nurse, what a Self-denial is it for me to leave you thus! and how soon, I fear, will you want those little Succours I could have given you? But I must have the Grief to tell you, that for some time I have received no Money on your Account; and that nothing is left me of what had been sent for you. But be comforted, my dear Child, I will, before I die, shew you how much I love you. Come here, my Niece, said she to that young Girl who came to me in the Convent, and now again acted the Part of feigned Sorrow; come to me, you are indeed my Heir; I leave you at your Ease, and repent not of doing so, if you will but promise me one thing. Ah! good God, reply'd this counterfeit clumsy Wretch, do you
not

not know, I was always ready to do what you desired: But do not bid me to live if you die, for I cannot bear it. Ah! what shall I, who love you so dearly, live after my dear Aunt? Ah! I see plainly, they must bury me with you in the same Grave. Poor Child, reply'd the sincere dying Woman, who was melted with Tenderness, what a grateful Creature is she? But comfort yourself, *Abigail* (for that was the Name of the Niece) do not despair, Child; we must submit to God's holy Will; he did not place us here for ever; every one have their Turn; I have had mine; and your Day in time will be over: See that young Gentlewoman, to whom I would willingly have been longer, instead of a Mother; promise me you will be instead of a Sister to her; let the Little which I leave you, if she hears not from her Parents, be for her, as well as you: Do you well understand me, Child? This is my strict Order.

Ah! what melancholy Thoughts crowded into my Mind on this Occasion! Unfortunate Creature, cried I to myself, what must become of me? Abandon'd, as thou art, by thy Parents, who perhaps thou wilt never know, see thyself now reduced to live upon others Charity. What an humbling Reflection was this to my Pride? There is but one Person on Earth who interests herself for me, and Heaven takes her from me. All then is over; I shall have no more Succour,

no more Support, no more Hopes. To what a deplorable Condition am I reduced ! Methought I was going to be a Stranger, and as it were an Alien in the World. There is none hereafter, said I, who will trouble themselves about me ; none who will pity my Condition ; no one, in fine, to whom I can reckon myself related. 'Tis true, that in this unhappy Situation of Mind, the young *Rosai* came into my Thoughts : But this no ways abated my Disquiet ; my Governess's Story render'd me diffident in this Point ; her Experience and Calamities convinced me, what little Trust was to be put in perfidious Man : I trembled at the Dangers which my Innocence might be expos'd to. Even those Graces which Nature had bestowed on me, and that Beauty which had formerly fed my Vanity, now awakened my just Fears ; for I had my Eyes opened upon the Perils it might expose my Honour to ; and I perceived that my Person, which seemed formed for pleasing (the Reader will pardon a Woman this Expression) would excite those Passions in others, which might prove my Ruin. These were my Reflections, when my dying Nurse had told me of my desolate Condition. But I return to the Charge which my Nurse gave her Niece, that she should interest herself in my Favour. The Niece only answered her by some feign'd Tears, which seemed to cost her no small Difficulty, they came so unwillingly from her.

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Here, said my good simple Nurse to me, here, dear Madam, I restore you what your Mother left with me: This was the Bracelet, which I mention'd before, that lay under her Pillow. I should have been charm'd, could I have put you into her Hands, at the same time she had received again this Pledge from me; but trust in Heaven, that you will soon see this dear Mother. Ah! did she know your Condition, she who loves you so dearly, and who was in such Agonies when she left you in my Arms, and who desired of me so often that I would prove to you another Mother, she would certainly fly to you: But I perceive I am going to be no more your Mother for ever. My Daughter, my dear Daughter, I shall see you no more in this Life. She said but this; her Sighs cut short her Words; but her melancholy Looks proved how much she suffered, in leaving me in such a helpless Condition. She faintly once more press'd my Hand, and soon after breathed her last.

As for me, I fainted; I know not what became of my Senses; afterwards all the House ecchoed with my Cries: I swooned a second time, and it was with difficulty that they recovered me. At last my Governess, almost as afflicted as I, brought me back to the Convent. Being come into my Chamber, I flung myself upon a Couch. Let the Reader imagine, if possible, the Thoughts that crowded in upon my Mind;

Mind; my Sorrow was too strong and recent to allow me the liberty of Tears; I raised my Eyes to Heaven, which were so dimmed with Grief that I could not distinguish clearly any Objects; I was as it were petrified like another *Niobe*, by reason of the Multiplicity of my rapid contrary Reflections, which presented themselves at once. I could come to no Resolution; and this Confusion of Ideas, which I could not see through, held my Mind in suspense, and in some measure distracted me: In vain did my kind pitying Governess do a friendly Violence to herself, the better to administer some Comfort to me. Ah! my dear Lady, my dear Friend, said she to me, while she wept over me, why do you thus afflict yourself beforehand with Sorrows, of which the most sensible do not appear as yet but at a great Distance. Take Courage, and rather hope for better Fortune, and that you will shortly meet your Parents. Ah! I but too clearly foresee, replied I, that I shall see them no more. How do I know but that Death has snatched them from me for ever; for were they alive, they would certainly be solicitous about me. Should I be thus destitute as I am? Should I thus see myself exposed to be the Object of Scorn, or Compassion? For what other Hopes remain for me, but the Pity of charitable Persons, who will vouchsafe to relieve me? Ah! for Heaven's sake, replied my Governess, wiping
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off my Tears, be not so ingenuous to torment yourself; you are not ignorant how much you are loved and esteemed in this House, and you need not doubt but that they will continue to you the same Friendship and Generosity, as if you had already received News of your Parents. My Lady Abbess, I am persuaded, will be sensible of your Grief; she will divide it with you; she will take for you the Affection of a real Mother. Would to God, replied I, she would do so. But, alas! tho' I esteem her Dignity and Profession, something misgives me, that I have but little to expect from her. I was not deceived; for it is but too true, without further Proof, that Persons of a religious Profession have often nothing of real Charity and sympathising Compassion, but a studied Outside; all which consists in Gesture, a certain Tone of Voice, a stiff Formality, a conventual Reservedness, and shewy Pharisaism; they never were sincerely enough influenced by divine Love and Humanity, to feel with Tenderness others Distresses: They have but a fruitless barren Pity at most; and many amongst them think they have done Wonders, when they have gone no farther than some good Words, which conclude in nothing.

I was communicating these Sentiments to my Governess, when the young Lady who was my particular Friend amongst our Pensioners, came
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into my Chamber. My Eyes were full of Tears, and my Heart discharged itself by continual Sobs, which shewed my inward Grief. This State alarm'd my Friend; she flung herself about my Neck, and before she understood the Subject of my Sorrow, her Concern made her mix her Tears with mine: She remained some time without the Power of asking me the Reason. What a terrible Surprise is this to me, said she at length, while she embraced me with inexpressible Tenderness? What must I think, my dear Friend, of your piteous Situation? Hasten to free me from my Uncertainty; let me know the Reason of your Grief, that I may apply some Remedy, or share it with you. Ah! my dear Friend, sobb'd I out, your generous Pity can do me no good in this Calamity which has befallen me: Can it restore me those unknown Parents whom I regret? For this Interruption in those Succours which I used to receive, this Desolation to which I see myself reduced, permit me not to doubt of their Death: Poor Orphan that I am! without Money, without Protection, without Support. What will become of me? Where shall I find an Azylum against all those Dangers and Afflictions which threaten me? Who will even vouchsafe to grant a little generous Pity to an unhappy Person, who is become a Stranger to the whole World? You do not reflect then, my Dear, replied this charming young Lady,

that

that my Friendship is offended at these Suspicions. Can you set so slight by my Affection, as to believe me so cold-hearted, as not cordially to endeavour at redressing those Injuries of Fortune which you complain of? No, my dear Friend, we will never separate; I will write to my Parents, and I have room to hope, that you will become as dear to them as myself; they will divide their Love betwixt us; and I hope they will give you a Proof of this in the first Letter which they write to me. It was during the kindest Caresses that my generous Friend spoke to me thus. If nothing could be imagined better than her Heart, so I can assure the Reader, nothing scarce could be more lively than my Gratitude; Words failed me to express my Sentiments; and my Soul was all on a glow with Tendernefs.

By degrees my Grief was a little allay'd; methought I saw a Refuge in my Distresses, which I had not dared to promise myself; and this pleased me the more, as I found it in a Friend, whose Kindness would not let me renounce my Pride; for I acknowledge it was my Pride which made me suffer most all this while. I trembled when I reflected on the Humiliation and Refusals I might meet with; and the fear of Contempt and Neglect from others, was what most alarm'd my Soul at this time, having been born with a natural Grandeur and Elevation of Sentiments, which

which were a secret Indication of my noble **Extraction**. It was this innate Pride which determined me to make a Secret of my Circumstances to my young Lover. And tho' the History of my Governess had made me apprehend the Consequences of blind Passion, yet I experienced within myself, that it would cost me no small Trouble, must I for ever renounce the Love of my dear *Rosár*. What encreased this Disposition was, the great Respect my Lover shewed me, which seemed to me a certain Proof of the Honour of his Intention. Shall I make the Confession? I placed my entire Felicity in his Love; I knew he must soon return; the Hope of seeing him again gave my Mind some Peace: For our Minds are not generally susceptible, but of a limited degree of Grief; they cannot bear but a certain Weight; whence it happens, by a secret Instinct, that they naturally catch hold of every thing which may lessen so unpleasing a Burthen. See here our Description, when we are upon the point of being overwhelmed by a Tide of afflicting Ideas. Does there offer itself but one, which may alleviate our Pain, we eagerly seize it; and endeavouring to banish all others, we entertain ourselves with it.—But let us proceed in our History.

I had a kind of Presage in my Mind, that before Evening I should have a Proof how little I had to hope from the Generosity of the Abbess; and

and it happen'd so. I was still in my Chamber, with my Governess and Friend, when a Religious came to tell me, that my Lady Abbess wanted to speak with me. Can you tell me, said I, my dear Sister, well nigh what she has to say to me? Ah! my good God, replied she, in a pitying Tone, raising up her Shoulders, and casting a Look of Compassion at me, how truly is it said, that one Misfortune never comes alone. What's the matter then, replied I, with some Emotion? Finish what you have to say; you fright me. No, my dear young Creature, replied this Religious, in the same compassionate plaintive Voice, I have not the heart to tell you. What Pity! tho' she is as pretty as an Angel, she must shortly be where God disposes of her. Ah! thus we see what the World is; People in it are sometimes high, sometimes low; and this is its constant Fashion. Spare your useless Pity and Reflections, said my good Friend, provoked at her unpolish'd Complaints for me; answer directly what the Lady desires of you. All have their particular Pride. The Religious was piqued at this quick Apostrophe of my Friend; and she only answered us by casting down her Eyes; then making, with some Confusion, an Inclension of the Head, and so withdrew. I disposed myself to follow her, suspecting Part of what I was going to hear. I can no longer doubt, said I to myself, I am become

come an Object of Pity in all the House; and my Pride did not suffer a little on this Occasion. The Conversation I was going to have with the Abbess perplex'd me; I feared it, and therefore I did not very willingly obey her Orders. My Friend, who saw my Apprehension, could not forbear to rally me. Truly, my dear Friend, said she, I cannot understand your Grounds: What! do you tremble like a Leaf? And what is the dreadful Reason? To speak only with a Person you no ways depend upon, and who perhaps is as much obliged to you, as you are to her: It is true, that this good Lady imagines, that a heavy Air, and a haughty Gravity, sometimes becomes her Rank; but should she forget herself with you, make her sensible of her Mistake. Go, my Dear, I will impatiently wait here your Return; but remember the Courage I recommend to you, or expect just Reproaches from myself. Fear not, my dear Friend, said I, I hope I shall not deserve them. And, 'tis true, my Friend's Advice had given me Courage enough to speak to the Abbess in the manner she deserved, if her Haughtiness offended my Pride.

She was alone in her Chamber when I came in; I owed her a Courtesy, and I made her one; but she returned it only by a small Inclension of her Head. This Reception a little piqued me. But let us proceed to what she had to say to me.

It

It seems, Madam, said she to me in a brisk manner (and only vouchsafed to look at me through the Corners of her Eyes) that you have made yourself sufficiently to be waited for. Probably, Madam, replied I, I had my Reasons for not coming any sooner. I know not in what Tone I spake this; but I perceived this touched the Abbess's Pride: She probably expected an Excuse from me; but I could find none to make her. She reddened. Perhaps, my little *Nancy*, continued she, you may suspect the Reasons which I had to call you. Ha! said I to myself, I see Miss, or Madam are cut off; but have a little Patience, my good Lady, and little *Nancy* will make you sensible how you should speak to her. No, Madam, replied I, little *Nancy* knows not what my Lady Abbess has to say to her. Oh! oh! what means this? replies the Abbess, something disconcerted at my Words; methinks one must study their Words when they speak to you: Know then, my little Miss, that your Pride and Condition do not well agree together. My Condition, Madam, replied I; pray what has it of such an humbling Nature for me? Oh! nothing, replied she, with a scornful Air: The poor Child! she has Reason, indeed, to be proud! Ah! Madam, replied I, in a provoked Tone, omit such Words as these, which it does not become you to use; you may think of me as you please, but it gives me little Trouble.

I was

I was going on, and perhaps I should have pushed further my Resentment, if the Abbess had not judged proper to soften her Language. Truly, Madam, said she, it is without Reason that you are offended; you know I always loved you. And you know, Madam, replied I, with what Sentiments of Gratitude I have always answered the Favours you have pleased to confer on me. Nor do I, my dear Child, added she, repent myself; for if I have any Regret, it is because I am going to lose you. Oh! cried I to myself, we are now coming to the Subject; I must be told of my Poverty; my Lady is going to pity me; I shall see what this will end in.

You know, said she, how bad the Times are, and that our House is considerably in debt. Well, Madam, replied I, affecting an Air of Surprize, though I knew in what this Discourse would terminate. But what, added she, did your poor Nurse say nothing to you before she died? Excuse me, Madam, said I. Then, Madam, went she on, you know, I suppose, that for some time she received no more Money from your Parents; your Pension is only paid one Month in Advance; and I speak of you only; for the Pension of your Governess is not that. I am not ignorant of any thing of this, replied I, with an Air which shewed no Uneasiness. Without doubt, said she, a little in Surprize at my Indifference, you must then have thought of
the

the Resolution you design to take : How would you have me act, that we may agree together ? Did we know your Parents, we might have Patience a little longer ; but how can we have any Information of them ? Who are they ? And in what Part of the World are they to be found ? You are as ignorant in this, I believe, as I ; and see here precisely, my dear Creature, what gives me Uneasiness about you : Did you know how many Prayers our Sisters have put up for you, and how they love you—But alas ! what signifies our Prayers or our Good-will, since we cannot give you the Succour which your Necessities require.

Well, cried I to myself, my Misery is now thoroughly examined, looked into, and well weighed : The Malice of her who spoke to me had let no Part escape her ; for, in spite of the Grimaces of Compassion which she affected, it was easy for me to see, that Resentment guided her in the Pity which she pretended to shew ; and that the Picture she drew of my Poverty, was the Effect of her Pride and Haughtiness. I suppose that she had been piqued at my resolute Tone, and therefore resolved to be revenged on me by Humiliation : But this was a Pleasure which I was not disposed to give her. Thus, far from seeming alarm'd at my Condition, I affected a Tranquillity which cost me dear.

You

You mention my Condition, said I, Madam; this is what I do not well comprehend: Since when, is it so strangely changed, that my Case ought to excite your Pity? 'Tis true, that I do not know my Parents; but I have room to hope, that the Moment is not far when you will be freed from your Doubts, and I shall receive a necessary Support: But do not fear, Madam, that I design to be a Burthen to you till then; this is not my Intention: You told me, that my Pension is paid for a Month, but my Governess's is not: Well, Madam, you shall be paid To-day. And by whom, if you please, Madam? replied she. By me, Madam, replied I resolutely, by me. And it was true that I could do so: My Nurse had Orders to give me every Month four Pistoles for my little Expences; and as I had no need of expending all this Money, I found myself in a few Years provided with a sufficient Sum of Money for a Use which I did not think I should put it to. But this was not what I depended on; the Generosity of my Friend appeared to me a far better Refuge; and that was the Reason which gave me such Courage in answering my Lady Abbess.

It is not easy to imagine the Pleasure which I took in having acquitted myself in such a manner; and I made it my Diversion, to acquaint my Friend with what passed betwixt us.

Sh:

She was waiting for me in my Chamber. Well, my dear, said she to me at my coming in, what News? what has the Abbess said to you? was you pleased with her Goodness? Oh! ask her rather if she be content with me. How so? said my Friend. How! replied I, it is because I practised to a Wonder the Lesson you gave me. Right, said she; but explain to me, if you please, your Conversation. What, said I, do you not already sufficiently guess it? You know the Haughtiness of her whom we are speaking of. She took it in her Head at first to brow-beat me; she had the Barbarity to expose my Poverty, and make it a Subject of Humiliation to me. I leave you to think, if after your Encouragement I could be in a Humour to flatter her. My Scorn suggested Answers to me, which I saw did not any ways please her Ladyship. I have only some Money to pay for my kind Governess. For my Pension? replied my Governess. Yes, my Dear, said I, but do not trouble yourself about that; I have something by me, which will serve for you and me. What! replied my Friend, can you have spared any thing? you surprize me. I should deserve, said I, your Reproaches, if I had designed to have such a little Reserve: But I had something allowed me for those Pleasures of Company which I cannot indulge here. Thus it has happened, that without thinking of it,

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this

this Money has laid in my Box. Mine perhaps, said she, is not so well furnished, but what I have you are welcome to; and you will oblige me if you will accept of it. But, my Dear, added she, let us think of something of more Moment for us both; I perceive I cannot deprive myself of the Pleasure of your Company. I have promised you to write to my Parents; I will do so this Instant; but in such a pressing manner, that I do not fear I shall receive a favourable Answer from them. Ah! my dearest Friend, said I to her, and kissed her Hand a thousand times; what an Excess of Goodness is this! Is it possible to find in the whole World a Heart like yours? And how can I ever acquit myself of what I owe you? Oh! omit, for Heaven's sake, these Compliments, said she, which I no ways deserve; believe, that I think myself recompensed by the Pleasure I take in my Love for you: I have told you before, you are so dear to me, that I cannot think of a Separation from you; wherefore we will either continue here, or go to *Paris* together. I know not whether my Parents will be willing that I should leave this Convent; but would they consult my Taste, they would certainly be so. I will not conceal from you, that my Continuance here begins to weary me; and I will hint a Word in the Letter which I am going to write: I will leave you a few Minutes; but have

have a care of relapsing into Melancholy, if you would give me a real Proof that you love me.

I now was alone with my Governess, who congratulated me with all her Heart for the Support which I found in the Friendship of this young Lady. You see, my dear Lady, said she, that Providence never fails those who trust in it; wherefore always place in it your Confidence, and abandon to it the Care of Futurity, in waiting till you shall see your Parents. You have Reason to promise yourself, from your Friend, all the Succours which you will have need of; and this will be a Motive to me of Consolation: You know that nothing can well equal the Affection which I have for you; and then judge what a Sense I must have had of your Misfortunes. How happy should I have been, added she, in a soft Tone, if I might have passed all my Life in your Service! but it is with extreme Regret, that I foresee this Happiness is not designed for me: I should become a Burthen to you. Ah! no, my Dear, replied I, throwing myself about her Neck, you shall not leave me; I should die of Melancholy if I lost you; since my very Infancy, you have had all my Esteem and Tenderneſs; it is to you that I am indebted for all my Education, and those Sentiments which are most esteemed in me: What! will

you leave your own Work incompleat? Will you have the Cruelty to leave me; me, who am more attached to you than I am to my Parents, whom perhaps I am never to see during Life?

I could not pronounce these last Words without bursting into a Torrent of Tears; and my Governess in vain endeavour'd to hide from me her own; she loved me tenderly, and it was with an extreme Regret, that she considered the Moment when she was to separate from me: Her Resolution was taken: Knowing I had nothing to hope from the Generosity of the Abbess, she saw no other Help for me, but in my Friend: But yet, will her Parents, thought she, have the same Sentiments towards my young Lady that she would endeavour to inspire into them: Will they grant her their Friendship with the same Generosity that their Daughter did? Will they resolve— But why should I spare my Pride here the Terms which her candid Politeness would not suffer her to use? Will they ever resolve to be to her another Father and Mother? These were such hard Problems as alarmed my Governess more for my Destiny than they did myself. She could not disguise to me her Doubts; they terrified me: I perceived that I had but one thing to resolve on: But I was deter-

determined to put this off as long as I could ; for the very Thought of it flung me into Despair ; wherefore I redoubled my Prayers to her. Would you, said I to her, by a precipitate Departure, leave me a Prey to my mournful Reflections ? I love you too well to desire of you to share in my Disgraces ; but who knows whether I shall not be soon in a Condition of softening your unjust Fortune : Perhaps I am shortly to have my Parents restored to me ; and should this happen, what may you not promise yourself from their Gratitude and mine ? Give me then the Time necessary, not to shew myself ungrateful towards you : This happy Moment is not perhaps so far removed as you imagine. During this Discourse, which I accompanied with a thousand Caresses, my melancholy Governess had not the Courage to answer me : She contented herself with looking dejectedly at me, and holding me close in her Arms, while she let fall some Tears upon my Face ; which gave me the most sensible Marks of her Tenderness : It seemed to me, as if this was an eternal Farewel which she was making me. I had some Money to pay the Abbess for her Pension. I took this Occasion of my Friend's Absence to count it ; and begged of my Governess to carry it : For I was afraid of my own Vivacity, which I apprehended I could

not moderate, if I should have any new Dispute with the scornful Abbess.

My Governess had but just left me, when the young Lady returned, with a Face so full of Serenity, that I promised to myself from it some good Augury. Ah! quickly, quickly, my Friend, cried she, we must go down into the Parlour; we are waited for; this is a Visit which will please you: I leave it to your Heart to guess from whom it must be. But perhaps, replied I, Madam, my Novice-heart may be deceived in its Conjectures. No, no, guess boldly, I dare say you will make no Mistake. What! I see you blush; I see your Heart divines for you: You are going to name, I see——Well, you are in the right; it is he himself. But, my Dear——But, Madam! replied I, I depend on your Discretion; you are the Depository of my Secrets. As the Chevalier *Rosai* is your Relation, and esteemed by you, perhaps you may have spoken to him: Have you said nothing to him that I should be willing to hide? And what, I pray, answer'd she, should I hide from him? Do you not think, that a young Lover is much more skilful in Divination, than you can imagine? While he endeavours to read in our Hearts a Look, a Sigh, our Silence itself suffices sometimes, to inform him of more Things, than we willingly would have him know. But let
us

as go down quickly, that we may not give Uneasiness to the Chevalier. I needed not any pressing Persuasion; my Heart was already in the Speaking-room; my Friend and I therefore went down together. Ah! how charming, how noble, how heroic, did he seem to me at this Interview! He was dressed with all the Advantages of Art: The Desire of pleasing me shewed itself in all his Air, and gave new Beauty to his Countenance. Never, never Love appeared in a more amiable Light.

What charmed me the most was, that respectful, timorous Air with which he approached me: His Eyes seemed afraid of meeting mine: Perhaps he feared I was offended at his Letter. Here is, Madam, said he, a Criminal who dares appear before you; May he hope for Pardon from your Mercy? — I know not, Sir, replied I, casting my Eyes modestly downwards, and blushing with Tenderness, of what Faults you would accuse yourself; they must be small ones, since I retain no Memory of them. You shew me, Madam, answer'd he, an Indulgence which I durst not expect, but shall always retain the utmost grateful Sense of.

I had forgot to mention, that the Chevalier had brought with him a Friend of his, called the Count of *Mezin*. The Portrait he had made of me must have piqued his Curiosity;

and the Desire he had to satisfy himself, procured me, no doubt, this Visit. O ! fatal Visit for me, which was the Source of my bitterest Tears. The Count saw me, and I but too unhappily pleased him : He had not spoken to me, but his Looks inform'd me, that he was a new Lover, and I was not deceived in my Suspicion. But what surprized me was, the extraordinary Manner in which he made me his first Declaration.

You know, Chevalier, said he, that you never acquainted me with your Secrets ; yet I would venture a fair Wager, that I can easily guess the Crime which you ask Pardon for. You have been first so happy as to see this young Lady ; and to see, and love her, is, I believe, almost the same thing. You must have acknowledged the Impressions which her Charms have made on your Heart : This is the Crime, I am persuaded. But be not offended, if I assure you, that I should be equally culpable, if I dared to hope I should be pardoned as freely : But I must own, Madam, said he to me, I would not willingly commit such a Fault as was irremissible. That is certainly, replied I, the wisest Way, Sir. I allow it, Madam, added he, this is the wisest Way ; but do you imagine it is the easiest to put in practice ? I would appeal to the Chevalier here. Oh ! Sir, replied my Friend, who had

had a mind to extricate her Relation from his Perplexity ; my Cousin's Decision, perhaps, would not satisfy you : But would you be so complaisant to appeal to mine ? Very willingly, Madam, replied he ; and I so far depend on your Equity, that I am resolved not to question the Justice of your Decree. This is generously said, replied my Friend, you are then in a Disposition of not murmuring against your Judge : I thus decide then betwixt you : You tell me, that there is nothing more difficult for a Lover, than to conceal from the Person whom he loves the Sentiments of his Heart ; and I affirm, that nothing is more easy. This may appear a Paradox ; but I shall explain myself. I suppose a Lover, who has an equal Respect and Passion, is inspired with a disinterested, generous Affection, and capable of disregarding, in such a Case, his own Will or Interest : Can he find any insurmountable Difficulty, in what will prove the Delicacy of his Love, and infallibly render him more agreeable in the Eyes of the Object of his Tendernefs ? Answer me, Sir, to the first Point. It is, Madam, said he, perfectly reasonable : I am of your Opinion. Well, replied my Friend, you will then, I hope, admit my other Proposition, which is a natural Consequence of what you have allowed.

For what can be more likely to please, than a respectful Fear of offending, by a precipitated Acknowledgment of hasty Love? Must not a Lover expect a good Effect from such a Conduct? Hence I conclude; since this is natural, it cannot be a difficult thing for a sincere Lover to avoid what may render him disagreeable to the Person whom his Soul adores. Oh! Madam, replied he, I leave always a young Lady free in her Sentiments: But, I must own, I cannot conform myself entirely to yours, in extraordinary Cases. Methinks my Manner of loving is more simple and sincere; and therefore, I judge, the better. When we love sincerely, we speak openly: What Harm is there in this? Why should we use whole Years in nothing but equivocal Signs, without the Intercourse of Words; such Conduct must only serve to weary both Parties. But, Sir, answer'd I, are not Things sometimes retarded by too much Eagerness? Oh! Madam, replied he, what! you are against me too. But, Chevalier, tell me, are not you of my Opinion? No, said he, for I can never believe, that real Respect can prejudice a Lover; for Love always expects, in return, a Fear of displeasing.

I pass over the rest of this Conversation, which began to fatigue me; nay, I was not a little provoked against the Chevalier; I could not

not pardon him for having brought his Friend, whose Presence deprived me of that Pleasure which I had promised myself from my Lover's Company : For what a Variety of Things had I to speak to him of? Looks, indeed, expressed a Part ; but it was impossible they should express all. As for the Count, I am persuaded that he had no Reason to be pleased with the Language of my Eyes : If he could understand it, he must have observed in them nothing but Resentment, and the Signs of such an Antipathy as made me look upon him with Horror. And, indeed, he had one of those Countenances which naturally give a Dislike ; there was visibly impressed upon it a certain Rudeness and Pride ; for I may truly say, that his Features but too clearly manifested his cruel and barbarous Soul. The Sequel of this Book will shew, that I was not deceived. But at length, his Departure freed me, in some degree, from those shocking Ideas which his Presence had raised in me.

Upon going out of the Speaking-room, my Friend and I went to walk in the Garden ; where our Discourse turned upon the Visit we had last received. Ah ! my Dear, cried she, what thoughtless Imprudence in the Chevalier ! Did he think it reasonable, that we ought to be at the Expence of Patience, to pay for his Complaisance to his imprudent Friend ?
Heavens !

Heavens! how that Man displeased me! What Brute could be more disagreeable than he? But perhaps, added she, he may be more agreeable in your Eyes? That would be pleasant indeed, replied I: But let us forget the Count; let us speak of the Chevalier. No, said she; let us forget him; he has played us such an unlucky Game that I shall never pardon him; and I will instantly, by Letter, make him those Reproaches, which he so well deserves. It would be very well done, replied I; because I did not doubt; but her Letter would soon procure us the Pleasure of another Visit. We went together into my Friend's Chamber, and the Letter was no sooner written, than it was sent to the Chevalier: But I had no Thoughts of that which I was going to receive myself; and which cost me a Flood of Tears.

Going to my own Room; I was surprized not to find my Governess, who might long ago have returned from the Lady Abbess. I thought at first, that perhaps she would come in a short time; but I waited to no purpose for some Hours: Mean time Supper drew near; and this Delay disquieted me. I know not why I went to my Box; but my Surprise was great, to find a Letter directed to me. I opened it in haste; but was astonished to find it from my Governess. The reading pierced me to the Heart: She begged I would excuse it, if

if she had not bid me Farewel; that her Design was to spare my Tears; that it would have been impossible for her to separate herself from my Arms; that her Love of me drove her almost to Despair, by the Resolution she had taken for my Good; but that the Fear of being a Burthen to me, had made her take this Determination: She ended by the most ardent Assurances, of the most tender and inviolable Friendship.

I am undone then! cried I out, raising my Hands and Eyes to Heaven, and shedding a whole Torrent of Tears; I am abandoned by Human-kind! O, gracious Heaven! What will become of me? I see no Refuge in my Misfortunes. Alas! may not the Generosity of a single Friend fail me? What gloomy Thoughts did not these Reflections fill me with?

I had been taken up above an Hour with these melancholy Meditations; my Tears flowed perpetually; I fetched deep Sighs; all that presented itself to my Imagination, only served to encrease my Horror: I flung myself upon a Couch, where my Grief almost rendered me motionless: It was in this Condition that my kind Friend found me. Surprized not to meet me at Supper, she came, as soon as it was ended, to my Chamber. What, my dear Friend, cried she, always in Tears? And at the same
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Instant flung herself, in the most tender manner, about my Neck. Ah! replied I, how can a poor, miserable, abandoned Wretch do otherwise? Read, my generous Friend, this (putting in her Hand my Governess's Letter) and then judge if I have not Reason for these Tears. You know how dear my Governess was to me, and what a Tenderness and Respect she always shewed me. My Poverty, and the Fear of being burthensom, have driven her from me. Ah! my dear Creature, replied this tender-hearted Friend, your Grief is but too just; but do not give yourself up to it as you do; Do you doubt of the Sincerity of my Affections? Are you not assured to find in me a Friend that will never fail you: I do not doubt but the Goodness and Generosity of my Parents will amply make you amends for the Injuries of Fortune: I promise you, that I will divide my Lot with you; and I hope we shall be inseparable. She had just finished these Words, when some Religious, who sincerely loved me, came to us. For having observed my Absence at Supper, they were desirous of knowing, if some Indisposition had not been the Occasion. My Friend acquainted them with the Subject of my Affliction. Truly, said one amongst them, who was of the most sportive Temper imaginable, and my particular Friend, you must certainly have Tears, my Dear, to spare, to shed
 so

so many for the Loss of a Governess: Methinks you afflict yourself for a mere Trifle: Be assured I shall quarrel with you, if you are not more reasonable, and value your own Good more: I will order your Supper to be brought hither; and then let me see, if you'll take it in your Head to fast too. Ah! my dear Sister, said I, I am sensible of your Kindness; but excuse me. O, good God! cried she, I shall shew you no Favour in this, I assure you; you shall not indulge your Melancholy at this rate. Upon this, she left me; and soon came again, with a Lay-sister, who had several Delicacies for me. Out of Complaisance, I was obliged to eat, but I could relish nothing. The Bell soon called away the Religious, who left me with my Friend. You imagine, said she to me, that I shall go to my Chamber, but you are mistaken; should I leave you, your Fancy would conjure up again a thousand dismal Phantoms; and I will prevent it: My Design is to pass the Night with you; and if we cannot sleep, we will talk of the Chevalier. What do you say, my dear Friend? replied I; you abuse a little the Secret of my Affections, which I have trusted you with: But, alas! that sincere, tender Passion which I have for him, perplexes me: For here is a new Darkness drawn over my Birth; and if those who gave me Life delay to make themselves
known—

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known—Oh! Oh! here are new Lamentations again, said my Friend, interrupting me. Who can doubt of your noble Extraction? Your distinguishing Qualities cannot be equivocal; your Manners, your Air, your elevated Sentiments, are infallible Marks, which are so many Demonstrations of your illustrious Blood. But I had almost forgot, that we both need Rest; the finest Conversation in the World would not make us sufficient Amends for the want of it. Then let us undress ourselves quickly. But, my Dear, added she, smiling, you want a Chamber-maid; permit me to do the Office; perhaps you will not be displeased with my Dexterity. I own my Sorrow could not refrain a Laugh on this Occasion. It is impossible to imagine the tender Professions of Friendship and endearing Caresses of this best of Friends: But could I suspect they were to be the last I were to receive from her a long time?

My Friend and I passed great part of the Night in amusing Discourse, to dissipate my Melancholy, which made us sleep out the Morning for it; and we thought not of rising, when a Religious, by the Noise of a large Bunch of Keys, which she rattled at our Ears, awaken'd us. What's the matter? cried my Friend to her, as yet half asleep. Oh! quick, Madam, quick, replied the Religious, there is no Time to lose; a Letter, a Coach! Ah! what happy

happy News for a young Lady like you, who has no great Liking for a Convent. Explain yourself, I pray, added my Friend, whilst she rubbed her Eyes, what do you mean by this? Ah! do you not see this Letter, replied the Religious, which I have for you in my Hand? Take and read it; and then tell me, if you ever had such pleasing News before at your Levee? But are all your Things ready; for you must be gone immediately?

At this Word, Be gone, I opened wide my Eyes, and fixed them on my Friend: She seemed astonished; soon after, she raised her Eyes to Heaven, and then fixed them on the Letter. But, said the Religious, who was impatient of staying, will your Things be packed up in Bed? or will you make the Coachman fright us all with his Oaths at the Gate? O, good Sister, replied my dear Friend, if you please, leave me; you have performed your Message, that is enough. What Wasp has stung her, said the Religious, as she was going out of the Room, piqued at the Manner in which she was dismissed? One would have thought, that this good News might have put the young Lady in better Humour; but, so far from this, that my Reward is Rudeness and Ill-manners. Fy! what Behaviour is this? and how happy shall we be, when we are free from such a haughty Temper? But tell me, then,

then, said I to my Friend, surprized at her Silence, as well as Sighs; I heard mention of a Coach, Readiness, and Departure: What does all this mean? Ah! my dear Companion, cried my Friend, throwing herself at the same time into my Arms, and bursting into a Flood of Tears, it is no longer you, it is no longer you, but I, who am going to be the wretchedest Creature in the World. O Heavens! can I bear this without dying of Grief? Cruel Father! am I then to be the unhappy Victim of your Ambition? or will you force me to fail of that Submission which I owe to your Desires.

I mixed, in the mean time, my Tears and Sighs with those of my Friend; and I shared her Affliction before I knew the Subject of it. Oh! for Heaven's sake, said I, holding her in my Arms, do not hide from me the Misfortune which you complain of; perhaps it is not so great as you apprehend. Here, dear Friend, said she, delivering me the Letter, read yourself, and then judge, if my Grief be not too well grounded: Without consulting me, I am already disposed of: I shall be in the Arms of him whom I cannot love. She, at these Words, bitterly exclaimed against the Conduct of her Parents; while I read the Letter, which was written in these Terms:

“ It is a Pleasure to me, my dear Daughter,
“ to acquaint you, that Monf. the Marquis
“ of ——— has done us the Honour of asking
“ you in Marriage. The Lustre of his Birth,
“ supported by a large Estate, and a thousand
“ good Qualities, suffered me not to hesitate a
“ Moment about the Answer I was to make
“ him. I have given him my Word, and
“ have promised for your Obedience: There-
“ fore make haste to disengage me from my
“ Promise.

“ Your affectionate Father,

“ The Baron of ——— ”

Is not this, my Dear, said she to me, a more deplorable Condition than yours? Oh! what a Husband! added she, what ambitious Cruelty of my Parents! What must not I suffer from his Caprice and barbarous Nature? Whatever my Father may say of his good Qualities, his odious Faults are but too well known to me. Counsel me, dear Friend, what Resolution to take: Shall I sacrifice Content and Happiness for Life, to Duty? Ah! replied I, in this Case you must consult your own Heart: Perhaps your Parents are ignorant of the extreme Repugnance which you have against the Match which they propose to you. Let them know your Sentiments; throw your-
self

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self at their Feet; tell them, that Death would not fright you so much, as the Sacrifice which they require of you. I cannot think they will render you miserable; they love you too well not to be moved by your Sighs and Tears.

We were in the midst of this Discourse, when a Chamber-maid came to tell my Friend she must make haste. You certainly, Madam, said she, are not acquainted that it is now past eleven; and that there is but just Time to reach *Paris*: What Uneasiness will you give your Family, if they do not see you To-day? And without more Ceremony, she began to dress her Mistress.

It was upon seeing these Preparations, that I could no longer contain my Sorrow: Oh! incomparable, affectionate Friend, said I; I am undone; I shall for ever lose you: You, even you, abandon me: I shall see you no more. No, no, my Dear, replied she, I will never abandon you: I cannot resist my Duty which calls me to my Parents: But I hope you will not refuse to accompany me. I, my Dear, replied I, accompany you! Ah! with what Eyes would your Parents look at me? You have written in my Favour; and is there one Word in their Letter of mention about me? Let not this Silence, rejoined my Friend, alarm you: I wrote to my Mother; she, probably, never spoke of it to my Father: But still believe, that

that both will be equally ready to give you a kind Reception; I will answer for the Goodness of their Hearts; they will sympathize in your Misfortunes, and you will become the Object of their Tenderness: Perhaps they may be so happy as to restore you to your Parents. Oh! flatter me not with vain Hopes, cried I out, my Parents are lost to me for ever; and would Heaven hear my ardent Vows, a quick Death should terminate my melancholy Days. Ah! my Dear, replied she, do not entertain yourself with these ghastly Ideas; will you give yourself up to vain Apprehensions? Dress yourself quickly: I will go and speak with the Abbess; and I doubt not but that she will greedily come into the Design of my carrying you with me. No, my Friend, cried I, never take that Step: I am sensible of your Generosity more than I can express; but however painful your Absence will be to me, you know the Reasons that hinder me from accepting your generous Invitation: Thus take my perpetual Farewel: You may perhaps be informed, in a short time, that I could not long survive your Absence: I flatter myself that you will then let fall a few Tears, for the Death of one of the sincerest Friends: But I shall not die entirely; I shall live at least in your Memory; and the Thought of that gives me a sensible Pleasure.

My

My Friend could not hear these Words without great Compassion; she had not the Strength to answer me, but by her Sighs and Tears; and she was upon the point of swooning in my Arms. Her Chamber-maid, and some Religious, who were come into my Chamber, carried her out of my Sight, whilst I fell into a deep Swoon, which they had great Difficulty to recover me from; but when I recovered my Senses, I but returned to new Sensations of Pain: I was bathed in my Tears; I was not capable of speaking distinctly; and I made the House eccho with my Complaints. In vain did that good Religious, who loved me sincerely, and had not left me, endeavour to compose my Mind. I was deaf to all that might restore my Tranquillity. But, my dear young Lady, said this amiable Religious, pressing me in her Arms, do you not then love me, since you refuse to listen to my best and kindest Advice? I once thought you put some small Confidence in so worthless a Friend: What has made me lose it? and why do I deserve it no more? And as I did not answer to this, but by Tears: Speak to me then, added she, I beg of you; and let me have the Satisfaction of a Word from you? Ah! what can I say to you, replied I, the excessive Grief which oppresses me, leaves me not the Power to explain myself; tho', I can assure you, all your Apprehensions
are

are without any Grounds. But so many Misfortunes, which have trod, as it were, upon the Heels of one another, and especially those which I have in prospect, are more than sufficient to cut short the Thread of my Life. You believe then, said *St. Catherine* (this was the Name of the Religious) that no further Hope remains for you: Who knows but you are going to receive a Visit from your Parents? Preserve yourself for such a happy Moment; preserve yourself for your future good Fortune; think of those Pleasures, which perhaps you will shortly enjoy in their Arms: You have the Helps both of true Religion and Virtue, and make now an Use of them; shew a Soul superior to all the Evils that threaten you, a Courage capable of facing every Danger: Far from breaking out into Complaints against Providence, which disposes of all Things by its good Pleasure, dispose your Mind to acquiesce in its Decrees, and hope all from its merciful Conduct: Young as you are, amiable, full of Wisdom and Sentiments of Honour, do not fear but every one will interest themselves in your Favour: Fear not the Frowns of the World; I am apprehensive you will but too much succeed, one day, in pleasing it; but be assured, it must be more by your Patience and Virtue, than the Charms of Person, that you will gain an universal Approbation: For tho'
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the Number of really virtuous Persons be very small; yet the Persons who esteem Virtue are not so: It is Virtue and Constancy alone, which are a solid Treasure. This good Religious did not leave me, and I was obliged to comply with what she thought proper to divert me.

After Dinner I walked with her into the Garden; when a Person came to tell me, that I was expected in the Parlour. I at first hesitated about going, because I did not suspect the Visit I was to receive; but my Curiosity at last prevailed. As I was going, it came into my Mind, that it might be the Chevalier; and I was right in my Conjecture.

I came into the Parlour, with a strange Palpitation of Heart; but I little imagined the Reason of his Visit, which his Discourse soon informed me of. It is on the Account of my Cousin, Madam, said he to me, that I have the Honour of seeing you: She favoured me with a Visit; and never did any Visit more surprize me; she was oppressed with Grief, and nothing can lessen it, but the Sight of you; and you may easily give her that Pleasure. Ah! Sir, replied I with Precipitation, I would part with my Life for that Satisfaction; but it does not seem to me so easy a thing as you may possibly imagine. Madam, answered he, you deceive yourself; nothing is more easy:

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But will you have the Goodness to give me a Hearing; for I have several Things to communicate to you. Yes, Sir, replied I, very willingly. I am not surprized, Madam, continued he, that not having long had the Honour of your Acquaintance, you have not thought me worthy of your Confidence: And it is because my Cousin is persuaded of the Purity of my Intentions, that she has not made to me a Mystery of your History, wherein I can see nothing which ought to disquiet you: Your Birth; the Manner in which you have been educated; the Lights which you have had from your Nurse; the Unpoliteness of the Abbess; the Desertion of your Governess;—in fine, Madam, I know all this: But I now come to the Proposition which I have to make you, and it is by the Consent of your good Friend: She is determined, rather than accept the disagreeable Match which is offered her, to retire into a Convent; consider, Madam, if you are willing that she should have your Company, and let me have the Honour of conducting you thither. I expressed my sincerest Thanks for such a Favour; and assured the Chevalier, that nothing could be more agreeable to me, than to see again so dear a Friend, and pass my Life in her Company.

This Point then, Madam, continued he, is agreed on: But I have another Proposition to make, which, without doubt, will be more difficult for you to resolve; though upon your Decision depends the Happiness of my Life. And, without Interruption, he added.

I have dared, Madam, to declare to you the Sentiments of my Heart; and that I should esteem myself extremely happy, might I flatter myself with Hopes of your Affection. I shall not mention my Birth, which you may inform yourself of; nor my Fortune, which is chiefly in Expectation; as for my Character, which is the only thing I would be recommended by to you, it is the Profession of being an honest Man: I am so; and it is by this I am known in the World. You, Madam, must now decide; only consult your Inclination; if I am the happy Object of it, I have Parents, from whose Love I dare promise myself every reasonable Compliance; they will never render me the most Unhappy of Mankind; and I should be so, did they not comply with my Vows: But it is your Consent which must previously make me happy or miserable. May I hope, that, when you have experienced my Honour and Fidelity, you will not refuse me what must constitute the Happiness of my Life.

It was with a respectful Tenderneſs the Chevalier expected my Answer; his Eyes being fixed on mine, endeavoured to read in them, what he was to hope for, or fear. I was in the mean time ſilent; and my Silence began to alarm him: But I had obſerved ſo much Sincerity and Frankneſs in all that he ſaid to me, that after ſome Moments Reflection, I determined not to conceal from him my Sentiments. It would be in vain, ſaid I to him, Sir, that I ſhould endeavour to hide from you the Sentiments of my Heart; for I am certain, that my Friend muſt have informed you, and it is upon Knowledge you may ground your Ideas: I will, tho', freely own to you, that I am ſenſible, as much as poſſible, of your generous Way of thinking.

I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe, with what Tranſports of Joy the young Chevalier ſeemed to be ſeized; full of Gratitude, he flung himſelf at my Feet; I could not reſuſe him one of my Hands; he kiſſed it a thouſand times, whiſt he repeated to me as often, the warmeſt Proteſtations of eternal Love and Conſtancy.

We agreed betwixt us, that I ſhould wait till my Friend his Relation had acquainted me with the Reſolution ſhe would take, the better to concert Meaſures betwixt us.

I did think the Chevalier had not any thing more to acquaint me with; but he told me one thing which greatly disturbed me. You have reproached me, Madam, for the troublesome Visit which I caused you; I ask your Pardon; but I am more culpable than you imagine. How so, Sir! replied I. Because, continued he, I fear you will suffer many more Importunities from my Friend. Have I to suffer his Rudeness? said I; this is what I do not well comprehend: Free me, I beg of you, from Doubt? Since the last Visit, added he, which I had the Honour to pay you, he has never ceased pursuing me; he has followed me every where, and I have been obliged to use many Stratagems to disengage myself: What shall I say to you? he pines with the Desire of seeing you again: He is bold, enterprising, and is not easily repulsed; your Refusals will not fright him; he will see you I am persuaded; and this is a little Persecution which you have to undergo, of which I have been the unhappy Occasion. No, no, my dear Chevalier, said I to him, be not afraid; if he comes again, I shall know how to answer him in such a manner, that I am persuaded I shall free myself from the Trouble of another Visit. But perhaps, Sir, continued I, you do not reflect, that yours may have seemed to others too long,
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and they may murmur at it in the House; for my Friend must have told you, that I am not in favour with the Abbess, and that I am obliged to do many Things I would not, to please her. Then it shall depend entirely upon yourself, replied he, to be freed from this unworthy Mortification soon. I have already told you, replied I, this must depend on my Friend's Determination. Farewel! let me have News from you as soon as possible.

Ah! what a Variety of Events in one Day! What different Motions with which my Soul had been agitated! From an Excess of Sadness, it now passed to the Extremity of Joy; and I delivered myself up entirely to it: I was no longer that despairing Creature, who lamented her Fate, and began to be weary of the whole World. I thought I had bid an eternal Adieu to a most tender Friend; and I was now flattered with the Hopes of seeing her shortly again. My Heart was filled with the softest Love for the Chevalier; but the Uncertainty of the Success alarmed me: Yet methought I could now no longer doubt of the Honour of his Intentions, and the Idea charmed me. What a Flood of Comfort at once! My Heart seemed too narrow to contain the Joy which it felt; I ran to communicate my Happiness to my Friend, the amiable *St. Catherine*. The Air of Content which shone in my Counte-

nance surprized her : But I did not stay till she asked me the Reason ; I prevented her by the Story of my happy Circumstances. You see, my Dear, said she to me, with what Quickness you go from one Extreme to another : You afflicted yourself without Cause, and you are transported without sufficient Certainty. Ah ! replied I to her, astonished at her Answer, what should forbid me to give a Loose to Joy ? Can I have a more delightful Prospect ? But, replied *St. Catherine*, may it not be deceitful ? Shall we examine together, in cold Blood, your Reasons for so much Satisfaction ? You tell me that *Madam De la Noy*, your Friend, will go into a Convent at *Paris*, and that you will have the Pleasure of living with her : But is she assured of the Consent of her Parents ? Will she resist their Will, and refuse the Spouse they propose to her ? I will suppose, that they are too generous to force her Inclinations. Do you think that she will prefer the solitary Retreat of a Convent to all the Pleasures which will on all sides invite her in the World. Now let us, if you please, talk of the Chevalier. I will believe that he sincerely loves you, and is incapable of all Deceit ; it is Esteem, it is Respect, it is refined Friendship, as well as Love, which regulates his Affections : But can he, at Will, dispose of his Affections ? Will his Relations have the same Sentiments ? Will not the

the Obscurity of your Birth be an Obstacle to your pleasing Wishes? You see, Madam, added *Catherine*, that my Intent is not to flatter you; but this cannot be expected by you from a Friend so sincere as I; your Youth hinders you from weighing future Contingencies, and makes you consider Things on the most flattering side.

I but too well perceived the Solidity of these Reflections: Uneasiness seized me, and I was again replunged into Perplexity and Sorrow: I saw the little Foundation there was in all those Hopes which had raised my Mind to such a pitch of Joy: Some Sighs escaped me; nor could I avoid dropping some Tears, which my Friend wiped from my Eyes; and she did not quit me, till she had employed all the most persuasive Reasons to calm me.

But she did not succeed: As soon as I was alone, my Mind was filled with all the frightful Ideas of despairing Melancholy. Whither shall I go? What shall I do? What Resolution shall I take? These Uncertainties racked me. I had lost the Abbess's Favour, and I feared every Moment she would have the Hard-heartedness to bid me depart. In such a Case, where could I have found a Refuge? The little Money that was left me could not long have supplied my Expences. The Idea of my Friend, indeed, came into my Mind;

but what Succour could I hope from her? her Parents had not expressed one Word of Kindness towards me. O! their Silence but too clearly shewed, that I had nothing to hope for from them.

After thus fatiguing, a long time, my Thoughts in vain, I perceived that I had nothing to hope for, but from the Chevalier. Yes, said I to myself, every thing assures me of his generous constant Love: I have perceived its pure Ardour. Can my Interest ever be an indifferent thing to him? But, alas! will his Parents consent? there's the Doubt which racks my Soul: Unfortunate Orphan! they will disdain thy Alliance, and despise Thee; but yet I hope their Indifference will not render thee less amiable in the Eyes of a sincere Lover. Will he refuse me his Assistance? A Retreat for my Innocence, is all I desire of him. O Heavens! to what Extremity am I reduced by the Severity of Fortune! In spite of all my Affection for the World, a Cloyster now became the only Object of my Wishes—and indeed it was the only rational Resolution which was left me: I therefore came to a Determination within myself: I resolved to acquaint the Chevalier with it; and full of such Thoughts, I went to Bed. My Reader will easily judge, how capable I was, in this Labyrinth, of tasting the Sweets of Sleep; and certainly

tainly nothing could be more dreadful than this Night to me. The Day began to appear, when I had not yet closed my Eyes: Oppressed with Lassitude, I fell asleep at length, but it was only to awake on a sudden, frightened with the most dreadful Dream imaginable.

It had too much Relation to the sad Calamity which afterwards befel me, not to believe, that tho' it be a Weakness to give Credit to all the wild Fancies which often disturb us in Sleep; yet we may justly look upon, as Presages or Admonitions, some extraordinary Dreams or Predictions, which sometimes happen to us: Be this as it will, I shall here relate my Dream, just such as it was.

I fancied myself in an obscure Prison, where I had several Companions of my Misery; all were loaded with heavy Chains, while I alone was at liberty to walk about without Restraint. I know not how the Gates of the Prison opened, but I no sooner, methought, perceived it, but, without listening to my unfortunate Companions, who would have stopped me, I tore myself from their Arms, and went out with Precipitation, not once looking behind, I had such an Apprehension of being carried back again. I had already got to a Distance, and began to take Breath, when I saw three Deer: Their Sight did not frightme, on the contrary, I took Pleasure in examining them; but one

of them particularly fixed my Attention ; for he was far the most beautiful, and the others seemed to crouch before him ; I saw him approach me with a submissive Air, and he seemed to seek my Caresses ; a secret Charm, methought, kept him with me, and he could not leave me : I had a mind to pursue my Way, but it separated into several By-paths ; doubtful which I should take, I fancied I cried out, O good God ! whither shall I go ? direct my Steps ? But, Oh ! the ravishing Surprise : This beautiful Deer, who lay at my Feet, methought, spoke to me. My charming Creature, said he to me, fear nothing ; if you will follow me, I will conduct you safe ; be persuaded ; perhaps my Assistance will not be useless to you ; my Companions and I will defend you against the Rage of your Enemies. Being charmed with what I heard, I caressed, methought, my pleasing Guide ; he went first, but with such Circumspection, lest he might fatigue me, that he seemed to measure his Steps by mine : We began to enter into a thick Wood, when three fierce Boars presented themselves to us. Ah ! my dear Lady, cried out my beautiful Deer, what a Danger threatens you ? here are your and my Enemies : Oh ! how I fear, lest you should become a Prey to their Rage. Courage, my dear Companions, said he to his Followers, let us not be afraid ; let us expose
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our Lives to save this beautiful Lady's. And do you, charming Creature, said he, fly away during the Combat, if you would not be devoured by your Enemies. He had scarce finished his Words, when these wild Boars, with the utmost Rage sparkling in their fiery Eyes, attempted to have seized me: But my generous Guide, supported by his Companions, opposed their Fury, and gave me an Opportunity of escaping into the thickest Shades of the Forest. I had, tho', a Desire to see the Event of the Fight: But, alas! how great was my Grief, when I saw two of my Defenders swimming in their Blood, and stretched on the Ground. It is true, that the three savage Boars had the same Fate. But I was concerned for my beautiful Deer; I knew not what was become of him: I was looking for him, when, on a sudden, I saw him coming to me, but so weak and wounded, that I soon had the Grief to see him expire at my Feet. The inexpressible Pain that this caused me, made me, I thought, raise a great Cry, which waked me. And this was my Dream. It will be seen in the Sequel of these Memoirs, whether it ought not to be looked upon as a Prognostic of that Misfortune which was to befall me.

But

But to proceed: My Adventures begin to be melancholy, and interesting to the compassionate Reader. I have already said, that I went to Bed full of the Design of acquainting the Chevalier with the Intention I had, of passing my Life in the Obscurity of a Convent; till I should have the good Fortune of being restored to the Tenderness of my Parents; and it was my Doubt, in this Point, which exposed my Mind to continual Alarms.

I was no sooner risen, but I wrote to my Lover. A Letter was not sufficient to explain all that I had a mind to say; I wanted a Conversation with him: Thus I contented myself with writing to him, that I had very important Things to communicate, and should be infinitely obliged, if he would pay me a Visit.

It was scarce half an Hour after I had sent my Letter, when they came to tell me, that I was wanted in the Parlour. It is, cried I to myself, the Chevalier, and I thank him for his generous Sollicitude. Full of these Thoughts, I hurried from my Chamber; and coming to the Grate, I drew the Curtains. But what was my Astonishment? I ran some Steps back again: What an Object was presented to my Sight? Oh! that I could have guessed it! It was not the Chevalier; it was the Man, who was the most odious to me; the Man, whom I could not endure; a Man, who at first Interview

terview had given me an insurmountable Antipathy ; in a word, it was the Count.

Ah ! what's the matter, Madam ? said he to me (surprized at the Astonishment which I had shewed upon seeing him) am I a Spectre, whose Presence frights you ? No, Sir, replied I ; but I must acquaint you, that this is such an unexpected Visit, that you ought not to wonder at my sudden Surprise. Well, my dear Angel, said he to me, you shall not be long in this Circumstance ; for your Person is too amiable for me not frequently to pay you my Homage, and so you will be better accustomed to my Visits.

This was, indeed, a polite Address : My dear Angel : Low Terms of Gallantry, which no ways suited my Taste. My amiable Person, which required Homage : This was, methought, a fine Compliment, and genteely turned : I understood I was not to stand upon Ceremony, with a Man who took so little care of his Expressions ; and therefore answered him in such a manner, as he might easily perceive, that if he forgot his Respect to me, I should know how to resent his Behaviour.

What do you mean, Sir ! I be accustomed said I, to your Visits ? No, that can never be ; hope it not ; for I would not deceive you : Ask me not the Reason, I would spare you the Trouble of hearing it. But, my dear Girl, replied he, with

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with an Air which shewed a Mixture of Indignation, Trouble, and Confusion; I know not well in what a Sense I must take your Words. In that Sense, Sir, replied I briskly, which you ought to take them. Certainly, added he grossly, I am not altogether ignorant of your History; come, come, Madam, I know something of your Circumstances; I am generous; and I come here with very favourable Intentions to you; but you are obstinate in disappointing them.

Upon this fine Speech, I could no longer contain myself; my Brain turned; I knew not what to answer; the Colour came into my Cheeks; my Eyes kindled with sudden Anger; In fine, I possessed myself no longer: Provoked at the insolent Language he had used to me, I turned my Back on the proud Man who had affronted me; having first cast at him Looks full of Scorn and Disdain: And I was retiring, when the Chevalier came into the Parlour, just as the Count went out, with some Precipitation.

I had not the Liberty of hiding the Trouble in which I was; I had struggled hard to stop my Tears; they now began to flow in Plenty. My Lover, as afflicted as I, pressed me to tell him the Cause of my Grief; and I could not answer him, my Sighs intercepting my Words.

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Will not you then, Madam, cried he out, break through a Silence which distracts me? Speak, or you will see me expire at your Feet: Name the Barbarian who has caused these Tears, and I will sacrifice him to your Indignation. It is the Count, added he, I can no longer doubt—Ah! ah! for Heaven's sake, cried I out, my dear Chevalier! stop your Passion; moderate your sudden Transport, which would fill me with Fears for a Life that is so precious to me: Would you distract me with the Thoughts of losing you? And what, continued he, with an inflamed Look, would not my Life be a Disgrace to me, if I was afraid to lose it in the Defence of your Honour and Happiness? But I intreat you, by all that is sacred, not to conceal any thing from me which causes you this Sorrow.

I saw it would be useless to endeavour to conceal the Truth; so I told the Chevalier, that perhaps I had been too hastily offended at the Count's Words, who might have had no Design of offending me. He, knowing my Poverty, added I, has told me, He had Pity on me, and would relieve me. His Offers have covered me with Confusion, and revolted my Pride. But, alas! poor Wretch that I am, how many other Mortifications have
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I not to suffer, if some generous Person does not redress my Misfortune? What means this, my dear adorable Creature, replied my Lover, with the tenderest Emotion, will you never banish every unjust Suspicion of my Love? Can it not calm the Disquiet you are in about your present Circumstances? Are not our Interests to be common? No, no, replied I; I cannot flatter myself with that Hope; for since your Tendernefs and Generosity makes you forget what you owe to your own Glory and Fortune, I ought to remind you: Perhaps there may come a Time, when your Family will not think an Alliance with mine any Disgrace; but who knows whether it may not yet be at a great Distance? And it is not upon what I may be, but upon what I am, that your Parents will form their Ideas: If they only consider my present Condition, do you think they will look upon me as a suitable Match for you? Thus, Sir, as Heaven seems not to have designed us for one another, let us submit to its Decrees; let us mutually renounce an Union, which, I must confess, would not be less pleasing to me, than you; it is your Generosity alone that I would interest in my Favour: Procure my distress'd Innocence a Retreat; and if I must not live with your Cousin, let me have sometimes the Pleasure of seeing her;

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it is this, which makes me desire a Place in some of the Convents at *Paris*.

It was with a dejected Look, and fetching a deep Sigh, that the Chevalier listened to me: He answered me, That if his Parents did oppose his Love, yet he hoped that their Affection would not hold out against his Tears; yet, that till he had gained their Consent, he could not imagine a better Design, than what I had mentioned: But as we both expected every Moment News from his Cousin, we agreed, it should be after her Letter that we would take our final Determination. An Accident which I did not expect, made me precipitate my Design. Two Days were passed since I received the Count's Visit; and I never imagined, that he would be bold enough to pay me a second; nor did he see me there any more. A Letter which I received from him, tho' full of Excuses and Assurances of an eternal Affection, appeared to me as unpolite as his Conversation; which my Reader may suppose did not incline me to give him an Answer: Yet tho' my Silence, which offended his Pride, left him no Hopes of prevailing with me, he was so far from despairing of Success, that he resolved to employ other Engines.

He was a Friend to one of the Relations of the Abbess, and it was with her that he came to visit this Lady. Doubtless, he shewed nothing

thing of his Passion for me, but contented himself with saying, that being informed of my Misfortunes, Pity had interested him in my Favour, and that it was a Pleasure to him to pay my Pension: He failed not to insinuate something regarding my Affection for the Chevalier. The Abbess appeared surprized at what she heard, and promised to give such good Orders, that I should receive no further Visits from my Lover: But as for the Count, it was quite another Circumstance: What! a Protector, a generous Benefactor, not have an entire Liberty of seeing me? Add to this, that my Protector, who was near forty, had a grave, religious, conventual Air. Could innocent Nuns ever suspect, that he would discourse with me upon Topics of Gallantry? His very Countenance would make such a Suspicion vanish; his Face was a sufficient Security: It must certainly be nothing but salutary Counsels which he had to give me; a mere Christian Pleasure, of seeing the Person whom his Charity designed to benefit: These were the Pretexts which would have been given to his frequent Visits to me. I needed nothing but being informed of what the Count's pretended Generosity had proposed in my Favour. The Abbess was to acquaint me, and she did so; but I was far from listening to the Counsels which she would have given me.

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She had sent me word, that I must come to her. I went with a secret Palpitation, doubtful of what she had to say, but resolved to abate nothing of that Constancy with which I was used to speak to her; for I did not think that my Misery gave her any Right to humble me.

I came into her Chamber, and found her seated, with her Arms indolently laid upon the Sides of an easy Chair, which her short, round Figure filled up entirely. The Pride of this dignified Religious, would not suffer her to rise up at the low Courtesies which I made her; no, this did not become her ecclesiastic Gravity, as her silly Intellect imagined: To a little stooping of the Head, she joined I know not what of a self-sufficient Air of Protection; which intimated, that I was to take Courage, and that she designed to honour me with her Patronage.

Ah! Miss! you certainly did not expect the good News which I have to tell you, said she; it is a lucky piece of Good-fortune, and for which I congratulate with you with all my Heart. I am obliged to you, Madam, replied I; but would you be so kind to acquaint me with my Happiness? Oh! my Dear, replied she, it is so great, that you never reasonably could have expected the like; disturb yourself no more about what must become of you, you may
here

here have an Asylum as long as you live. Oh! the generous Gentleman! it is the Count of *Mezin*, who, touched with your Misfortunes, will pay your Pension; I have his Word; therefore, poor dear Child, be easy; we will supply you with all Things necessary very willingly. Truly, Madam, replied I, I must own you shew great Kindness, and extol the Count's Generosity; but permit me to tell you, I do not design to accept it. What! replied the Abbess in Surprise; Do you not understand, Child, that in the Circumstances in which you are, the Protection of this Gentleman is a singular Instance of the Care of Providence over you? And since he vouchsafes to support you—Hold, Madam, replied I, interrupting her with an affected Air, use not these Terms, which seem to me very ill-timed and improper: Who told you I designed to be a Charge to any one, or that I have any need of being so? Well! Madam, replied she, I understand you; all Succour is not disagreeable to you, but it must come from a particular Hand; for I know your private History: Monsieur the Chevalier, for Example, would be no displeasing Friend; your Pride would not refuse his Generosity; but I must tell you, Madam, I do not reckon upon that; and if Monsieur has had the good Fortune to please you, I must acquaint you, that the Visits which he makes you, and which I did

did not perceive, are not agreeable to me, and you must do without them. That will depend, Madam, replied I, on the Resolution I shall take. This is good, indeed, answered she; on the Resolution you will take: Oh! I would know, if you please, my pretty Miss, if any one's Will is to be regarded in this House besides my own: You speak indeed with an Air of Liberty, which becomes you wonderfully. Ah! Patience; said I to her, with a scornful Smile, which shewed, that her Pride made no Impression upon me. Be not displeased, Madam, added I, I dispute not your Authority; I have always respected it; but take it not amiss, that I tell you, I shall not any longer submit to it: I will leave your House Tomorrow; and let not your Generosity trouble you with what will become of me; every Convent is indifferent to me; and perhaps I may find some one, where my Poverty will not deprive me of that Respect which is due to my Rank. This is, indeed, Miss, replied the Abbess, answered very prudently; I see the Name of the Errant Lady, would suit your Genius; but you must remember, that you are a Pledge intrusted to me, whom I must answer for. This is a Scruple, Madam, replied I, which I cannot comprehend; for it is not long ago, that, fearing I should be a Charge to you, you left me full Mistress of myself: What, has the Count's

Count's Generosity altered your Mind? but let me tell you, that I will never accept of the least of it. That is what I shall consider for you, said the Abbess, in dismissing me; but I hope your own Reflection will bring you to Reason.

I left her without an Answer, but fully resolved to acquaint the Chevalier, by a Letter, of this Proceeding, and press him for my speedy Departure. But how could I get out of the Convent? This was a Difficulty, indeed, which I had not thought of as I ought: But I left the Care of removing it to my Lover. I writ to him, that it would be in vain for him to attempt to see me; that the Abbess had given her Orders, that I should not go into the Parlour; and I no ways doubted, but that this proceeded from the Stratagems of the Count, of which I gave him an exact Account. I finished my Letter by saying to him, that assured as I was, both of his Sentiments of Honour, as well as Purity of Intention, I had no Diffidence of trusting myself in his Hands; therefore I prayed him speedily to deliver me from the Persecution with which I was threatened.

I wanted a Person of Sincerity to trust this Letter to; I saw not any one that was proper but *St. Catherine*, who was likely to do me a Service: I had concealed none of my Secrets from

from her; and she was as much provoked as I, at the Artifices of the Count, as well as the tyrannical Behaviour of the Abbess: On this Account, she did not disapprove of my Design, of shutting myself up in a Convent at *Paris*. It was to her I addressed myself, to convey my Letter to the Chevalier.

If he had not been too solicitous for me, he would not have hesitated to sacrifice the perfidious Count to his just Anger: But his ardent Desire of hastening my Tranquillity, made him defer his Design of Vengeance. He sent me word, that nothing could equal the Joy my Letter had given him; and that he esteemed his Life too mean a thing to repay the Obligation which he had for the Confidence I put in him: He said, that in two Days he hoped to have the Pleasure of presenting me, at *Paris*, to my dear Friend his Cousin; that this Time was necessary for him to concert the Measures of my Escape; that on such a Night, at such an Hour, I must be in the Garden; that he would come himself to take care of me; that a Post-chaise should wait for us at my Escape from the Convent; and that in less than four Hours, I should be at *Paris*; but he counselled me, that till that Time I must use Diffimulation, nor even refuse speaking with the Count, should he come to see me.

I own

I own that I did not well comprehend this last Advice, and was no ways disposed to follow it. The Count did not fail of coming; and upon the Refusal which I made of seeing him, I had an Order from the Abbess to come into the Parlour: But I sent her word, that I did not think her Authority went so far, as to oblige me to receive Visits which were not agreeable to me; and that it was enough for her to deprive me of those that were. They, however, were not repulsed by my first Refusal; they returned to the Charge: But Prayers, Caresses, Threats, all were uselessly employed to persuade me.

But what cruel Misfortunes, what a Series of Calamities had I avoided, would I have suffered myself to be prevailed upon to have condescended to what my Lover counselled me? Doubtless, the Count, provoked at my Disdain, suspected I still kept a close Correspondence with the Chevalier; he put Spies upon his Steps, and perhaps gained over some of his Servants: Whatever in this regard be true, he took but too fatal Measures to ruine my Happiness. He some way found out our Design; and the Loss of my Honour, and the Death of my Lover, were determined.

In the mean time, I waited with Impatience the Hour appointed for my Escape from the Convent. *St. Catherine*, my faithful Friend, would

would not leave me, to the very Moment when I was to bid her an eternal Adieu : This was precisely Midnight. The Conversations which she had with my Lover, when his Visits were forbidden me, had filled her with Sentiments of a real Esteem for him ; she, as well as I, bore Testimony of his Merit and rare Qualities ; and it was the high Idea she had conceived of him, that made her lend a Hand to further our Designs.

The Moment came, when I was to put in Execution my Design. I shall pass over here the wise Counsels, and tender, affectionate Caresses, which I received from my dear Friend : It was not till she had bathed my Cheeks with a Flood of Tears, that I forced myself from her Arms : She would herself accompany me to the Garden, where I found my faithful Lover ; who no sooner saw the Signal which we had agreed on, but he flew to receive me. There were Ladders to the Sides of the Wall : My Lover took me in his Arms, to help me to climb the first Ladder, and when I was at the top of the Wall, two of his Servants, who were placed there, received me, and, by the Help of a long Girdle, which they tied about my Body, they let me down so cautiously, that I found myself safe in the Street, without the least Hurt : A Post-chaise waited for me ; I stepped in ; and as soon as the Chevalier got

G

down

down from the Wall, he mounted his Horse, with his two Servants, and we departed.

The Heavens were bright and clear, and the Moon shone so agreeably, that we regretted not the Light of Day. As five short Hours sufficed us to reach *Paris*, my Lover, who feared for me the least Fatigue, would have us only advance a slow Pace: Without doubt, he purposed to have the Pleasure of my Conversation. With what Joy, said he to me, my charming Creature, are you going to fill To-day your good Friend; with what Impatience does she expect you? and what a Happiness is it to me, that I shall restore you to her Tenderness! But do you know that my own Interest is mixed with the Pleasure I shall give her? My Cousin is passionately loved by my Parents; judge with what Ardour she will labour to make them consent to our Marriage, Ah! no, no, let us not flatter ourselves, replied I, with such Hope; I see but too plainly, that the Obscurity of my Birth will be an invincible Obstacle to our Desires. I will wait in a Convent till Heaven restore me my Parents, and then perhaps we may be happy by their Consent. The enamour'd Chevalier said, that his impatient Love could not bear such a cruel Delay; and that he had too good an Opinion of his Parents Affection, to believe they would hazard his Life, by deferring the greatest Happiness

piness he could propose to himself on Earth. He then entertained me with the Measures which he had taken, and would still take to succeed in his Design. He spoke to me with such a Probability, that I began myself to hope a happy Event in our Undertaking.

We had to pass a thick Forest: A sudden Horror with which I was struck in entering it, took away my Speech: My dear Chevalier spoke to me, but I did not answer him. A Noise of Horses, which soon after reached my Ears, redoubled my Fright. We, however, went on; when three Horsemen, who gallop'd at full Speed, presented themselves to us: Each had a Pistol in his Hand; and our Postillion was killed before my Lover and his two Servants thought of defending themselves. Oh! Heavens! what was my Horror! the Forest sounded with my Shrieks, when I perceived at the Head of these Villains, the Count. Tho' frightened and almost senseless, yet I had the Strength to throw myself out of the Chaise, and get behind a Tree. The Battle began to grow hot, and I saw the dreadful Preparations: Several Discharges of their Pistols had been exchanged; my Lover's two Servants had the Misfortune to be brought from their Horses, and lay upon the Ground, -weltering in their Blood; so that the Chevalier alone had to defend himself against these three Murderers.

324 *The FEMALE FOUNDLING.*

More alarmed than he, my Cries redoubled; yet the Fear of being the miserable Victim of the savage Count, lent me Force; I ran, as fast as my trembling Knees would carry me, into the Thick of the Wood, but soon my Strength failed me, and I fell into a Swoon.

I know not how long my Swoon lasted; but I should have continued in it, without a single Favour of Heaven: I was, as I said, buried in the midst of the Wood; I was fallen, fainting, and entangled amongst Brambles, where I must infallibly have perished, had I not been recalled to my Senses by the hideous Noise of a most violent Storm, accompanied with Thunder and Lightening, and soon followed by a Rain, that fell in such abundance, that a Minute sufficed to wet me to the Skin.

Frighted with my Dangers if the barbarous Count should pursue me (for I thought my unhappy Lover must have fallen by his Villainy) I did not think proper to wait the ceasing of the Storm, before I left the Place where I was, in which I could not believe myself in Security. I collected the little Strength which remained in me; and after making to Heaven a short and fervent Prayer, that it would protect my Innocence, I began to walk, without knowing which way I directed my trembling Steps. I had got into a narrow Path, which shewed to my Eyes no Issue; I advanced but very slowly, because

because I was forced almost every Moment to stop, either to avoid a Fall, the Way was so slippery, or to disentangle my Cloaths from the Briars and Thorns, which had in a hundred Places torn my Legs and Hands.

It was more than an Hour I had walked with the utmost Horror and Fatigue, trembling at every Noise which I heard, when I saw a young Peasant, who was casting his Eyes on all Sides: He no sooner saw me, but he hastened as fast as he could. In my Fear at this Novelty, I knew not whether I should fly or stay. Is this, said I, one of the perfidious Count's Agents who pursues me? O Heavens! cried I out, secure me from the Danger I am in, or take away my miserable Life? I had not Time to say more. The young Peasant soon came up to me: Ah! what cruel News did he bring me. Oh! where a Dule had you thrust yourself? said he, blowing and sweating: I believe, God guard me, you take a Pleasure in making every body gallop after you; I have ganged, I may swear, to every Corner of this Wood to find you; but, the Lord be praised, long sought is found at last. Haste, haste, my pretty Lady, mend your Pace: God grant we may, after all, come in time; for this brave young Gentleman, the Chevalier, thinks you long, and has not a mind to die till he sees you: Yet, 'troth, it must be a

Wonder if we find him alive; and then if we should not, it would be, as they say, the Doctor after Death. At my Lover's Name, I raised a great Cry; a Palpitation of my Heart seized me, and my Mind was distracted. Ah! Stranger, said I to him, do you not deceive me? Is it true, that he is still alive? Oh! good God, Madam, said he, you ask me now more than I can tell; you shall know all I do. My Brother and I jumped out of Bed, when we heard a rapping at our Door; and I ran down first. Ah! my Saviour! cried I out, has *Old Nick* put a Charm on my Eyes? Oh! no, I am not cheated, it is Monsi. the Chevalier; I knew him as well as I see you: Ah! dear Sir, said I, weeping, what has happened to you? your fine Cloaths are all over Blood? and I had scarce got these Words out, but, woe is me, he fell at my Feet: I called for Help with all Speed, and I brought him a little to himself: I had a mind to stop those Holes which let out so fast his precious Blood; but I lost my Labour, for it ran as fast as a Cock; and besides, he would not let me. Ah! quickly, said he to me, in a faint Voice, quickly, every one of you, run over the Forest; you will find a young Lady; tell her I am ready to breath my last; let her but come before I die, and I shall leave Life without Sorrow. My Brother and I ran full speed;

speed, and God has made me meet you, which I am glad of, I assure you from my Soul.

From the Beginning of this mournful Story my Eyes were bathed in Tears. Frighted to Death at hearing my Lover's Condition, I forgot my Weariness; I even did not perceive the Blood which streamed from my Hands and Legs, that were miserably torn and disfigured. Winged with Desire of seeing my tender and faithful Chevalier, I heeded not the Decay of my Spirits; I followed, as fast as possibly I could, the Peasant, who guided me, and brought me at last into the Cottage, where I was to receive my eternal Farewel of my Lover.

The honest People where he was, had bound up his Wounds, and laid him on a Bed: It had been half an Hour that he seemed to have lost all Knowledge before I came in: I drew near to him: They cried out, That the young Lady whom he had sent to seek, was found; that if he would but open his Eyes, he might see her at his Bed-side. Ah! dear, dear Chevalier! cried I out, can you be deaf to my Voice? Has barbarous Death deprived me of you? My Sighs and Groans were heard by him, and his Eyes began to open. He fixed on me a tender, dying Look; and making a small Motion with his Hand, as if he had a mind to give it to me, he said, in a languishing

Voice, Spare, Madam, your Tears for my Death; it is too precious and glorious to let me regret Life: I have preserved your Honour; I have saved you from the Violence of a Traitor and Villain; Heaven has used my Hand, to make him atone his purposed Crime with his wicked Blood, and reserved for me the Glory of protecting you: I am contented; I could not purchase this Honour at too dear a Rate; all my Blood is not too much to convince you, that your Honour and Virtue were dearer to me than Life. No, no, said I, my dear, generous Protector; in a Voice broken with Sobs and Sighs; no, you shall not lose your Life; just Heaven will preserve it; your Virtues and my Misery will prevail with it to recover you: If I lose you, what will become of me? Heaven surely will not drive me to Despair: If you die, I am undone for ever. Ah! said he faintly, that Thought is far more cruel to me than Death itself. He was silent for a few Minutes, after which he turned his Eyes towards Heaven: The Motion of his Lips made me believe that he was recommending me to its Protection; and I heard him distinctly say, O protect, O pity Innocence. He then fixed on me an inexpressible sweet, tender Look; took my Hand, and said to me, in a faltering Voice: It is over; I am dying; I shall not carry to my Grave the dear Name of
your

your Spouse; but this I shall carry, the Name of one of the truest Lovers, and one who has no other Regret, but of not securing your Happiness as well as I would: My Cousin, that kind Friend, will, I hope, supply my Place.

At these last Words, I burst into a Flood of Tears, and filled the Room with distracted Cries: But alas! he was no longer sensible of them; Death closed his Eyes for ever.

In spite of all my Resolution, I began to give a Loose to my Sorrows: What Condition, thought I, can be imagined more deplorable than mine? But if my Love furnished me abundantly with Tears, how many still more had I reasonably to shed upon Account of my wretched Circumstances? What inexpressible Misery, what Fear and Horror struck my Mind? I had no Parents, no Protector, no Friend to defend my Innocence. Add to this, an aspiring Mind, which was filled with the Ideas of Nobility, and looked upon others Charities towards me, as an insupportable Humiliation. Alas! in this melancholy Situation, I had nothing but my Youth and Beauty: to revive my Hopes, which were but a slender Support: For had I not Reason to judge, that both might probably expose me to a thousand Dangers? The Perfidy of Mankind was now no hidden Secret from me. I framed to myself a thousand Dangers from their Perfidy or Violence.

lence. I had, indeed, remaining one Friend; but then the Disposition of her Relations towards me, was such a Mystery, that it dash'd all my Confidence with Uncertainty. Perhaps, said I to myself, will they, at most, content themselves with a sterile Benevolence for me, which will not relieve my Necessity.

I was plunged in this Despair, when the Surgeon who had been sent for, came in. Horror was still painted in his Eyes; he could not shake off the Terror he was struck with, at the Sight of so dreadful a Spectacle as he came from. He passed by where the Battle before mentioned had been fought: He had seen the perfidious Count and his two Servants, as well as the Chevalier's Postillion, and his two Servants, swimming in Blood, upon the Gravel. He witnessed his Surprize, by crying out, at entering the House, Good God! what Slaughter! what Carnage! what Effusion of Blood! I tremble with Horror. How willingly would I have avoided coming hither, had I expected such an astonishing Scene in the Way: Perhaps, after all, added he, I may have lost my Labour, and have come too late. Troth, Master Surgeon, replied the honest, rough Clown, Death has been before you, and first done his Business; so you may please to return when you think fit. As he disposed himself to get again on Horse-back, I prayed him to stop, and examine

amine a little, if there might not be some Breath remaining? Who knows, said I, but that it may be some Weakness, which he is fallen into by the Loss of Blood, from which, perhaps, he may still be recovered. He, upon this, approached my Lover's Bed; but it was only to confirm to me, in a Moment, the cruel Truth I was but too well before acquainted with. My Grief redoubled, and I began to shew it in the most affecting Manner. The Surgeon being sensible of it, began to pity me: He asked my Reasons; but I had not the Strength and Presence of Mind to satisfy him; for my Sighs broke short my Words: But my Dress, which was rich, and in the elegantest Taste, distinguished me; there was still seen in me an Air of Nobility, which Sorrow heightened, and made me be looked upon as an illustrious Person in Misfortune: Besides, I had certain sincere, simple Manners, which rendered my Circumstances still more moving. The Surgeon, who, as I have said, was touched with Pity, would not leave me, till I had explained to him the Cause of my Affliction. Vouchsafe, Madam, said he, to honour me with your Confidence; tho' I have not the Honour to know you, yet I take a sensible Part in your Misfortunes; perhaps my small Services may not be useless to you; this Affair may certainly have dreadful Consequences: You are
innocent,

innocent, I do not doubt; but yet you may fall into Trouble from it. I hope, that if you will disclose yourself to me, I may find Means of preserving you from a great deal of Grief and Uneasiness, if not Torments.

While this Man spoke, with all the Appearances of the sincerest Generosity, I had the Leisure to make new Reflections which frightened me: What! hideous Murders! may not I be made responsible? The Law will make Enquiries; it will be found out, that I got myself carried away by the young Chevalier; they will know my Aversion to the Count of *Mezin*. Will they not suspect that it was I, who armed those two Rivals against one another? I shall be obliged to prove my Innocency: But will they believe my Testimony? Who will protect me against the just Fury of two powerful Families, who both will think themselves obliged to compleat my Ruin? It was thus I reasoned; these Reflections alarmed me, and made me give the Surgeon a faithful Account of my Adventures. I did not conceal from him, that they were not ignorant in the Convent which I escaped from, of the Passion which the Chevalier and Count had entertained for me. This is, Madam, replied he, the most interesting and perplexing Part for you; you will be looked upon as the fatal Source of all these Misfortunes which have happened;
Justice

Justice will not fail of making the strictest Examinations; perhaps you will be brought before it: Therefore, if you will follow my Counsel, it must be by a quick Flight, that you must avoid an unjust Persecution. By some Liberality, said he to me in the Ear, endeavour to engage these honest People to keep your Secret; let them not say, that they saw you here, and come with me to *Paris*; you shall be safe, if you take but care not to discover who you are; and I will have the Honour of conveying you by By-ways: But Time is precious; consider, Madam, if you will make use of it.

I hesitated not a Moment upon the Part I was to take. Seized with Fear, a thousand hideous Spectres crowded into my frantic Imagination: I fancied a Troop of Officers surrounding the House, laying their insolent Hands on me, and dragging me ignominiously to a frightful Dungeon. I then imagined myself before severe Judges, who made me pass the Confusion of the most humbling Questions. Frighted to Death with such ghastly Ideas, I easily accepted the Proffer made me; and, in a sense of Gratitude, I expressed to him my most sincere repeated Thanks. I knew not how to go about persuading my new Entertainers to keep my Secret; I therefore prayed M. Poncet (for that was the Surgeon's Name) to

to undertake it, and I gave him Money to enforce his Reasons. His Care of me did not end here. I wanted still to make two Leagues to *Paris*; my Weakness did not permit me to go this little-Journey on Foot: *Poncet* then desired me to accept of his Horse, which he helped me to get upon; and, by unfrequented Ways, he led me to the Suburbs; where meeting a Hackney-coach, he put me in it; and counselled me to light at an Inn, the Name of which, as well as the Street it was in, he gave me in Writing. Fear nothing now, Madam, said he to me, encouraging me at parting; they are honest People where you are going to light; I will do myself the Honour, if you please, to pay you a Visit. I answered him, That I should see him with great Pleasure.

I was too much taken up with my melancholy Thoughts to amuse myself with the Objects, which now presented themselves to my Eyes; the Tumult and Noise of the Streets, the prodigious Concourse of People, pompous Buildings, rich Equipages, met my Eyes, without diverting me from my dismal Reflections, which entirely engrossed me; so that I had passed thro' several Streets without perceiving it: But the Hackney-coach was obliged to stop, and make way for a magnificent Chariot. I had the Leisure to examine the Persons who were in it: It was a young Lady, superbly dressed,

dressed, who sat by an amiable elder one, whom I took to be her Mother, upon Account of the great Resemblance of their Features. This Sight melted me, and made me shed Tears. Alas ! said I to myself, if the Cruelty of Fortune had not deprived me of a Parent, I should enjoy, as that happy young Lady, all the Sweets of the same Felicity ; every Day would be distinguished by some tender Favours which I should receive from so benevolent a Mother ; I should not have the Care of my own Conduct ; I should have nothing to fear for my timid Innocence, nor could any thing interrupt my Tranquillity ; I should pass the happiest Hours imaginable in the Bosom of a tender Family ; no Fright, no Apprehension of what might befall me, would grieve me : But, Ah ! Wretch that I am ! instead of this Felicity, to which my Birth promised me a Claim, what Misfortunes and Disgraces are going to darken my unhappy Life ! The little Money which is left me, cannot long preserve me from feeling the Distress of Poverty.

The Coachman, who came to help me to get out, put an end to my Reflections. I know not whether, being naturally liberal, I did not so well pay him for his Trouble, that he thought he had particular Reason to thank me for my Generosity ; but I remember, that the Name of Beautiful Princess, which he gave me,

me, and the Eagerness and Respect which he shewed in acquainting the House of my coming, made me conjecture, that he was thoroughly content with me. On my side, I was sufficiently satisfied with the Reception which my Hostess gave me. She was a little, thick-set, plump Figure, whose Look gave a favourable Opinion of her; and her Face was not deceitful: Without drawing here the Portait of this Woman, what I am going to say of her will sufficiently give my Reader the Knowledge of her Character.

I was, as I have said, pretty richly dressed; and it was my Dress, with an Air of Distinction, which I always retained, that drew upon me an Infinity of Compliments from my Landlady. Let us go, *Margery*, said she to one of the Servants; let the Lady have our best Room, and see nothing be wanting in it; for I will have this young Lady treated here as a Queen: I wish any one would shew me a Princess with so charming a Face. Quick! I say, fly.

I appeared so weary, that I seemed scarce able to support myself: She presented me her Arm to help me to walk, and made me enter into a Hall, while they could get ready for me the Room she had spoken of. My beautiful Creature, said she, in presenting me an easy Chair, you will do me the Favour to let me know whatever may give you a Pleasure, and
you

you shall see by my Readiness, what an Honour I think it to serve you : For, by good Heavens, there are some Persons whom we love at first Sight, and you are one of the Number ; I hope we shall have the Honour of waiting on you some Time. I know not, Madam, replied I, that will depend on the Turn which my Affairs will take. Oh ! oh ! if that be so, Madam, replied she again, all the Persons in my House, I believe, will pray, contrary, perhaps, to your Desires : You, doubtless, will pray for a quick End of your Business ; but I shall, I am sure, pray, that it may not be finished so soon, but yet with the greater, if possible, Advantage to you : Time will prove, my charming Lady, which of us will succeed best. It is true, added she, that you have that beautiful, enchanting Bloom, which may make any Woman envy you ; but they must be Monsters, if they would not do you all the Good in their Power. I will assure you, if your Business be Law, I could mention to you several Judges, who will not fail to give Sentence in your Favour ; there's not a Lawyer in *France* could resist your Charms.

A Sigh that escaped me was all the Answer which I made. Ah ! what's the matter, said Madam *la Riou* (that was my Hostess's Name) you sigh, methinks ? this is fine, indeed ! fy ! you can have no Reason ; you are young ;
you

you are in the Prime of Life ; and do you take it in your Head to be a Friend to Sorrow ? Oh ! I shall remedy this ; you are fallen into good Hands ; for take this as a Maxim, that Grief and I have long ago shaken Hands with one another : We never could agree ; and I will have you hate it as much as I. But, added she, perhaps you want something to eat ; and, by St. *George*, it is a good Remedy against Sorrow. No, Madam, replied I, I cannot eat ; a Dish of good Broth will suffice me ; and then I will go to sleep. Well then, answered she, you shall have your Way. She brought me what I ordered, and then conducted me to my Lodging. I thought now my kind Landlady would have left me ; but she, like almost all of them, was full of Curiosity ; my Grief was an insurmountable Temptation to it, and she omitted nothing to come at the Cause : She asked me a thousand Questions ; which I answered by Monosyllables, which signified nothing, or not enough for her.

Well, Madam, said she, I will press you no further now ; but I hope that when you know me better, perhaps you will not think me undeserving of your Friendship ; and I can assure you, that they who have done so, have found their Account in it : Ah ! a good young Creature, called *la Lambert*, is a Proof of it : Oh ! the dear Creature ; what a lovely, sincere Person

was

was she ! how she burst into Tears, when she told us, the other Day, of the Adventure of a young Orphan, whose Governess she had been, and what Sorrow she had in parting with her : It was perpetually, her dear and amiable *Nancy*, that she had in her Mouth ; and, 'troth, that young Lady's Fortune makes me pity her : By good *St. Catherine*, I believe you would have dropped some Tears as well as we, had you heard her Story. Ah ! the Cruelty of peevish Fortune, neither to know her Father, nor Mother, nor any of her Relations ; to be No-body's Child : Could any Case be like it ? ah ! none, none ; I am ready to burst into Tears again for her.

My Reader may judge of the Fluttering of my Heart, when I heard the Name of *Lambert* ; my Emotion shewed itself in my Face : But I heard myself pitied ; they wept for me ; how could I do less myself ? However, I contained myself some time for fear of a Discovery ; but this Self-violence only made them flow in greater abundance soon after. I forgot the Danger I ran by being known ; my Agony in this Struggle was observed by her. Ah ! what is this which I see, cried she out aloud ; you fill my Head with a thousand Suspicions : Can you be ? — My Surprise and Grief were so great, that, without almost knowing what I said, My kind, generous Hostess, said I, you need not seek any further off the unfortunate Person

Person whom you pity, you see her here; I am that unhappy Creature whose History you have heard. You, my dear Lady! shouted out *la Riou*, throwing herself about my Neck, and mixing her Tears with mine: Can you, you be she, whose piteous Case filled me so with Tenderness? But how, good Heaven, could you escape the Convent where you were put? How could you leave that young Lady there, who was such a Friend to you, and that beautiful, generous young Gentleman, who loved you so well; tell me, how could you leave them?

I perceived now she was acquainted too well with my Affairs, to conceal from her my last Adventure: I therefore ingenuously told her it; I thought myself obliged to it for my own Interest. The Pity which she shewed me, made me conjecture, that in the melancholy Condition in which I was, her Assistance would not be useless to me. It was not without giving Marks of an extreme Surprize, and a sincere Tenderness, that she learnt my last cruel Destiny: She endeavoured, however, to recover me from my Fright, by telling me, that the Count's Family, as well as the Chevalier's, would be equally interested not to divulge this Adventure, which I apprehended the Consequences of. Thus, my dear Lady, be calm, and do not fear that they will give you any Trouble.

Our

Our merciful God is a good Father; are you afraid he will abandon you—but we will talk over these Things this Evening; you have need of Rest; will you have me help to undress you? You have too much Goodness, my dear Madam, replied I; but I will not refuse your Favour, which, I must own, I have need of at present. In reality, I had my Legs in such a miserable, torn Condition, with the Briars and Thorns in the Wood, that I could not have undressed myself alone: It was necessary to have them dressed; and this Trouble my kind Hostess took upon herself. After I had thanked her, she assisted me in composing myself in Bed. I pressed her, before her Departure, to keep the Secret of my Adventures. Oh! my charming Lady, answered she, you do not know me yet; you might have asked such a thing of our Neighbours; they come to tell their own and others Secrets to me; but what I hear, I think no more of afterwards than a Confessarius: No longer ago than Yesterday, one of my good, gossiping Companions told me of a pleasant Trick, which she played her Husband: She begg'd of me to keep it a Secret: I told but two or three of my intimate Women Friends; but for the Husband, depend upon it, he shall be the last Man living I will blab it to. This plain Confession made me tremble, and I found by Experience, that no
Woman

Woman in the World was less capable of a Secret than *la Riou*.

She had no sooner left me, but my History was soon whisper'd through the House; there was not one but made me their Compliments of Condolence for my Loss; and the lowest Servants shewed me true Signs of Compassion.

I was so fatigued, that I was no sooner in Bed, but I began to yield to the Weariness of Nature; and I slept so profoundly, that my Hostess, who came to see me, with her Daughter, had a deal of Difficulty to wake me. Good God, Madam! cried she, you sleep courageously; but I am glad to see you awake; it is the Time of Supper, and not of Sleep: Here's my Girl, whom I have the Honour of presenting to you, who would never have let me rest, if I had not brought her to you. By the Eagerness with which this young Person fixed her Eyes upon me, I easily perceived I was a Subject of Curiosity to her. Consider, Madam, said the Mother, if you will go down, or if, perhaps, you chuse rather to sup in your own Chamber. Doubtless, replied *Angelica*, for Miss has made a terrible Journey To-day; and she must have undergone so many Frights, and such Weariness, that I do not think her capable of getting up. Upon hearing mention of Journey, Fright, and Fatigue; I did not doubt, but that she was informed of my History.

story. I could not avoid casting down my Eyes; a Blush came into my Cheeks. I then convinced *la Riou*, by a Glance, that I was not a little offended at her Insincerity and Indiscretion. She understood me, and reproached her Daughter: It seems to me, you babbling Hussy, says she to her, you might have spared these Words to Madam; but let me catch you another Time listening to what I say to my Friends: I only dropped here and there a Word, which signified nothing, and this young Baggage was on the Spy, and cannot hold her Tongue when she has done. I know not whether to punish you as you deserve, I should not turn you down Stairs again, and not let you sup with us. By no means, Madam, said I, I beg of you to let her stay here; I shall be pleased with your good Daughter's Company. Well then, Madam, added she, it shall be for your Sake that I excuse her; on this Condition, that she will never forget, that there is nothing so commendable in a Woman, as to know how to keep a Secret. After this wise Advice, which the good Mother so perfectly practised, she ordered our Supper in.

I expected, that the Repast would not be over, before she engaged me to give her a Detail of my Affairs; but she did not begin by this Topic: To gain my entire Confidence,
the

she thought she must inform me of all the good Offices she had done my Governess. You cannot imagine, said she, how much Pain I gave myself to free her from her Troubles; but we must be good Christians, be charitable, and have Pity on our Neighbour; if we do but what we can, Heaven must take care of the rest. Ah! it was on *Sunday*, that she came to my House; Good Day, good Deed, says the Proverb. Good-morrow, Madam *de la Riou*, said she to me: Good-morrow, my dear Child, answered I, for I had seen her at her Uncle's the Canon; How is this? you are no longer then in the Convent of *Meaux*; Has your young Lady dismiss'd you? pray tell me the Reason? Then she told me your History and her own, with Tears: After some Tears, which I let drop too (for tender-hearted Persons, you know, must weep, when they see others) you must not, however, despair, said I; for every thing has a Remedy, say they, excepting Death: You have not a Farthing, you tell me, to return with to your Parents: Ah! if a body could get Money in our Times honestly, I would then offer you some, without more ado; but Want cannot furnish a Table. Perhaps that ugly Dame *Fortune* will not always frown, but smile again upon so pretty a young Woman as you. Persons may have a Good-will in our Days, but that is all:
Honesty,

Honesty, I assure you, must go a begging; one can gain nothing by it; every one must do as well as they can: But it now comes into my Head; Have you not an old Uncle here? You perhaps do not like to visit him, on Account of the bad Reception he gave you; trust my Cunning to pave the Way; I will see whether he refuses to do things as he should; and, without more Words, I will put every Iron in the Fire. I immediately sent Lawyer and Priest to the old Canon, to plead for his Niece. Luckily, the good Man was going to make a Journey into the other World; and, 'troth, then, there is no trifling with one's Conscience: The old Uncle's was touch'd; he sent for his Relation; and if she had not all he had, she, however, has carried away with her a good Share into her own Country.

I listened to this Story with a Pleasure, as the Reader may suppose, equal to the Interest which I took in the Happiness of dear *la Lambert*, to whom I owed everlasting Gratitude. I shewed how sensible I was of the Good-fortune she so well deserved, and much more; and I even thanked *la Riou* for acquainting me.

But this was but a Preface, by the Turn which she gave it, which was to bring us to a Detail of my Condition. I was without a Provision of Cloaths, which she but too well

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saw;

saw ; I had nothing but what I had on me. Had I any Money ? Was it considerable ? These were the interesting Points which filled my Landlady's Head, who would not have been pleased, that I should become a Burden to her, I was obliged to answer, and come to an humbling Confession of my Poverty.

But you, Madam, said she (when she had finished her Story) have neither an old, or young Uncle in our chargeable City ; you are just as if you had dropped from the Clouds ; you have not a known Relation upon Earth : Let us consider what Way you had best take. What ! shall you make yourself a Nun ? Heavens forbid : You have that pretty, tempting Look, which no ways suits a Cloister.— Will you live in the World, as they say ? Troth, a handsome, rich Husband would suit you to a Hair : But, good again ; is it Beauty that Men marry now ? No, troth, 'it is Riches, tho' the Woman was as ugly as the Devil, or were it *Belzebub* himself. As for Lovers, Thanks to Heaven, you can never want them ; but for Husbands, Heaven must rain them, perhaps, before one will fall to your Share, Madam, replied I, interrupting her in an angry Voice, moderate your Concern for me, which you carry a little too far : I thank you for the Kindness which you have for me ; but you deceive yourself extremely in your Opinion

of those Charms, which you say Nature has given me. I have still one Friend remaining, and when I have Strength enough, I will go and see her; perhaps I shall find in her Generosity a Relief of my Necessities; if she will but pay my Pension in a Convent, till I can have News of my Parents, that is all I shall expect of her. Fie, Madam, said she, I must once more tell you, that a Convent does not suit with your pretty Person; I dare not call you charming, or enchanting any more: We are honest Persons in my House; you shall live with us; you will do us a Pleasure; *Angelica* here will be glad to keep you Company; it is not because she is my Daughter that I say it, she is a good Girl; and as for your Pension, pay it at one time or another, or as much at once as you please, we shall not disagree: Will not this please you? This, perhaps, would please me, answered I, if a young Person, like me, had not certain Rules to keep.

My Landlady, who laugh'd heartily at such Scruples, made game at my Delicacy, and pressed me to continue with her: But she wanted still to be better satisfied about one main Point. This Generosity of my Friend, I spoke of, did not seem to her a Refuge which was safe enough to fly to: She then fairly questioned me, if I had sufficient to pay for some Time the Expences of my Pension? And it

was with such an Air of Freedom, as was not at all agreeable to my Pride. I had still, I told her, thirty Louis d' ors ; and, truly, this was all I really had. 'Thirty Louis d' ors, sweet Madam, this is enough, cried out *la Riou*, to treat yourself like a Queen for two Months. Oh ! you are not so much to be pitied as I thought ; thirty Louis d' ors ! If I had as much I should have better Health than I have. Consider, Madam, if you think proper that I should keep them, and you shall find I will manage Things for you. You want some Linen : Well, we will go out To-morrow, and will buy what you want. Good-night, my charming Lady, good-night ; I will leave *Angelica* with you, she will assist you in any thing you ask her. But I would not let her ; I was so fatigued with the Conversation of my Hostess, that I wish'd for the Moment to be alone.

I now was so : I laid me down, but it was without a Possibility of resting ; a violent Head-ach kept me waking until Morning. *Poncet*, the generous Surgeon, came, according to his Word, to visit me. My Hostess coming up to tell me, found my Face so altered, and my Eyes so enflamed, that she doubted not but that I was more dangerously ill than I apprehended ; she felt my Pulse, and knew I had a burning Fever. She so little conceal'd her Fear, that I myself was alarmed ; and it is true,
that

that never was the Beginning of a Distemper more violent. The Surgeon, who was at hand, was brought in, to give his Opinion; and he said, that this first Access of my Fever would certainly be attended by a Delirium. His Prediction proved too true; the Evening was marked by the Accident which he foretold; and after a raving Fit, which lasted three Hours, I fell into so great a Weakness, that the Physicians, who had been called in, and did not leave me, feared, I should expire in it. But my Youth, and the Goodness of my Constitution, recalled me to Life: My Distemper, tho', diminished but insensibly; and ten Days passed over before they had Hopes of my Life. I had still several Returns of my Fever, yet so gentle, that I augured from them my quick Re-establishment: It seemed to me, that it would not have cost me much Regret at that Time, to have parted with my Life; for if I looked back upon it, what did it present to me but Misery and Horrors? But Death, tho' desired by me several Times before, when I seemed to approach it, and it was ready to strike me with its mortal Dart, filled me (when I began to be out of Danger) with Regret of Life, and Terror. As soon as they clearly saw my Life was in Danger, they did not conceal from me, that I must think seriously of composing my Conscience. They called in a good Religious,

to whom I made a sincere Confession of my Faults : But he exhorted me, to little Purpose, to an entire Resignation, in regard of Life or Death ; the Terrors of Death astonished me, my Thoughts could not reconcile themselves to it ; and if I did not break out into Murmurs, I fear I was far from that Obedience, which was recommended so earnestly to me. Perhaps Nature likewise hinted to me, that I was not so ill as they told me. However, the Danger passed over, and I began to recover Strength ; but so slowly, that my Re-establishment was much longer in perfecting, than was the Violence of my Distemper.

This Distemper was the Cause of one of the most extraordinary Accidents of my Life. The Day following my Arrival at *Paris*, the young Marquis of *Trivier* came to lodge in the Inn where I was. I know not what Description my Hostess had given him of me ; but, without doubt, she had made no Mystery to him of my Circumstances. The Curiosity of this young Gentleman was touched, and he shewed a great Desire of seeing me ; my Distemper furnished him with an Opportunity. As he had taken a Chamber neighbouring to mine, he heard the Cries which *la Riou* and the Women made in my Chamber. My Delirium was so strong, that I had a mind to throw

throw myself out of Bed ; I made the violentest Efforts to get from their Hands who held me ; they feared every Minute, that I should get from them ; as they called for Help, the Marquis ran in. I know not whether it was Pity or Love, which first engaged him in my Favour ; but he would not leave me, till he saw me composed again. The first Thing I was sensible of, when I recovered the Presence of my Mind, was the Marquis at my Bed-side : His Eyes were fixed on mine ; he held one of my Hands in his ; I quickly withdrew it, surprised to see so near me, a Man whom I did not know. What Heart, Madam, said he, could be barbarous enough not to be concerned for the Danger which threatened your inestimable Life ? I have the Honour of being your Neighbour ; the Cries which they made, called me into your Chamber to your Succour. Oh ! interrupted my good Hostess, it may truly be said, that you have infinite Obligations to this compassionate Gentleman ; and without him, I believe we might have struggled our Hearts out, before we could have kept you in Bed. Dianter ! what Strength you have, when you please ! you seem no stronger than a Chicken, and you have as great Force as a little Lion.

Although I do not remember the Extravagancies of my Delirium, yet I feared I might

have been guilty of some towards those round me; thus I thought myself obliged to thank the Marquis for the Humanity which he had shewed me. I scarce remember the Compliments which he made me, but I perceived his Eyes spoke a still softer Language than his Words; and I began no longer to doubt, that there had been something more than mere Pity, in the Tenderness which he had shewn me; he desired it might be permitted him to visit me sometimes himself, and be informed of the State of my Health. I did not think I could reasonably refuse him; and he made such Advantages of this Permission, that he let not one Day slip, from the first of my Sickness, to my entire Re-establishment, without coming to see me two or three Times: But what surprized me was, that during the Course of my long Sickness, *la Riou* redoubled her Care and civil Behaviour toward me. From my first Conversation with her, it was easy for me to perceive, that this Woman was entirely governed by her Interest. I understood, that the thirty Louis d'ors could not possibly defray the Expences which I must put her to: Besides a Provision of very genteel fine Linen, she shewed me likewise a Closet filled with all the proper Ornaments of a Lady. This Sight amazed me. Upon whom could my Suspicions fall? How could I guess at the liberal Hand which
supplied

supplied me so nobly, and loaded me with such Presents? Not knowing the Person, could I guess with what Design they had been made me? These Reflections alarmed me; and I positively told *la Riou*, that I would not accept of them, if she did not tell me the Person who had thus obliged me. Good again, replied she (surprized at my Delicacy) I would counsel you, indeed, to refuse this good Luck which falls in your Way: We design to supply you like a Dutcheß; and we must, indeed, beg of you to accept the Favour: Believe me, you are too nice. Never hope it, Madam, said I, I will never accept them, unless you tell me the Person from whom they come. This, says she, this is a Vision I should never have thought of; I should be glad to be made Tryal of in this manner: If the Presents came from Under-ground, I should not trouble my Head if I but once got them; that's my Humour. Well, then, I must tell you who is your Benefactor; it is Monsieur the Marquis: Oh! the generous Gentleman! But seeing me ready to interrupt her, she went on, in one Breath: You know not all yet; Do you think I would give any of your Gold to the Doctors; not I, indeed: But the Marquis had prevented me, if I

would; and you may easily guess how he would pay those Gentlemen.

I knew not what to judge of such Generosity in the Marquis, which he had taken care to conceal from me; and if *la Riou* had been a Woman capable of a Secret, perhaps I might have never known any thing of it: I own, tho', that this delicate Manner of conferring an Obligation charmed me: He had examined into my Necessities; he had provided for them nobly; and had not only spared me the Confusion of a Confession of them, but had flattered my Pride, by a designed Concealment of the Person I was obliged to.

Tho' this Proceeding filled me with Sentiments of an ardent Gratitude, I did not sufficiently know the Character of the Marquis, to be satisfied with his Intentions; these Presents might, for ought I could be sure of, be Snarcs for my Innocence: Thus I was resolved not to accept them, till I knew with what View he made them; and I resolved to be informed in my next Conversation with him.

I had left my Bed for some Days; but my Weakness did not permit me to leave my Chamber. My Hostess, devoted to the Interests of the Marquis by his Presents, had given me a kind of Chamber-woman, called *Cathaut*,
who

who was to wait upon me till my Recovery. This Girl never appeared better pleased, than when the Marquis was to pay me a Visit; which made me suspect, that she might be hired to assist his Designs.

My Heart had not as yet any thing but Gratitude for the Marquis; and tho' he forgot nothing to make himself appear amiable in my Eyes, and had the most polite, insinuating Behaviour towards me imaginable; yet I did not know, whether I could be ever sensible to his Love: I thought I saw I know not what in his Countenance of haughty, at Times, mixed with a sort of Gloominess, which seemed to hint an artful violent Temper. Possessed with these Ideas, it was with a kind of Restraint that I received his Visits: But I haste to the Conversation which I had with him, which was to inform me of his Intention.

La Riou had just left me, when he entered my Chamber. You come, Sir, said I to him, very *à propos*; I was just going to send *Cathaut* to you, to desire you would pass a Moment away with me. I am glad, Madam, replied he, to have been able, once in my Life, to have prevented your Desires. Sir, answered I, you may, indeed, satisfy my Desire; and I do not think any one can shew more Regard for me than you do; I am sensible, as I ought to be;

be; but you will permit me, Sir, not to accept your Presents. At these Words, the Marquis let me read in his Countenance an Astonishment and Admiration, which he could not conceal: As he knew not *la Riou's* Temper, he thought that he might have trusted her Discretion, and did not think she would have told me what he had bid her not to mention. But tho' he found his Secret blown, yet he would not allow of my Thanks. You surprize me, certainly, Madam, replied he; and I know not of what Kindnesses you speak. Monsieur Marquis, answered I, leave these Evasions; you might have been assured, that I would not accept any Presents, till I knew from what Hand they came; *la Riou* could not help telling me. I will not hide from you, that your generous Manner of obliging me, has touched me more sensibly, than all the Marks of your Generosity; I give you my sincere Thanks, but be assured I cannot accept your Presents. It is by this Refusal, returned he, that I clearly see I have not yet the Honour of being known to you: Can you suppose in me such unjust Views as wound my Honour? Futurity will convince you of the Sincerity of my Intentions: Let me only, Madam, confess to you, that by the Relation of *la Riou*, Pity first interested me in
your

your Favour ; but what an Impression did your charming Person, on Sight of you, leave in my Mind ! My Compassion gave place to the most violent and tender Love ; I found I could not be happy, unless I convinced you of my Affection : But think not that it was such contemptible Marks as those you have spoke of, that I have sought to win your Heart by. The Pleasure only of revenging you, in some degree, of the Rigors of Fortune, suffices to pay abundantly the Services that I can do you in this respect, which I beg of you to accept. I would not refuse them, Sir, replied I, if Gratitude alone might acquit me ; but you have made a Declaration which perplexes me. What shall I say to that Love, which you offer me ? Perhaps you hope my Heart may become sensible of it ; and I must not deceive you so far as to promise it : For what can be your Design in loving me ? Can you, Madam, said he, ask me that cruel Question ? Will you have the Injustice to think there were any other Views in my Love, than what the strictest Honour would approve of ? Do you think I can possibly entertain a Thought, but of making you individually mine for ever ? Surely, Sir, said I with great Surprise, these cannot be your serious Thoughts. I believed you had been acquainted with all my Misfortunes, but I perceive they

they have been concealed from you in great part: For do you know, Sir, who I am? Have they told you, that tho', probably, I am born of noble Blood, I have not yet the good Fortune to know my Parents, which perhaps Death has taken from me: Is not this a dreadful Desolation for me? Now judge, if an Alliance with me will suit you? Will your Family not be irreconcilable? But even this, Sir, is not the greatest Obstacle which you have, perhaps, to surmount: Whatever my Misery may be (I shall perhaps surprize you with what I am going to say) Interest shall never determine my Choice: I will consult my Heart only, when I design to dispose of my Hand. It is enough, replied the Marquis, interrupting me, do not finish my Despair: I perceive your Heart does not speak in my Favour; but leave me, at least, the Hope, that your Heart will not always be in this Situation; and waiting this happy Change for me, you will please to let me continue my Visits and small Services. This is a great Honour which you will do me, Sir, answered I; but do not think it can continue long. What, Madam, replied he, am I threatened with losing you? This is a Point, Sir, replied I, that I cannot absolutely, at present, satisfy you in, which will depend upon the Conduct I shall resolve upon, from my Success or Disappointment,

ment. Dear Madam, cried he out in a Transport of Passion; for Heaven's sake take some Days for Consideration, before you come to a Resolution; which will for ever destroy my Felicity, if I must never see you more.

The Marquis appeared to me truly alarm'd; I comforted him by an Assurance, that the Affair I spoke of was very uncertain as to the Event; and added, that knowing his honourable Views, I would accept of the Succours, which his Generosity had prompted him to give me; and perhaps the Moment was not distant, when I should be constrained to implore the Protection of his Honour and Friendship. These Terms seemed to ruffle him; but I sent him away without explaining myself further: But I added, that it should not be long before I would satisfy him.

A meer Nothing is sufficient to calm the Mind of a Lover: The Marquis seemed transported with Joy, at the Marks of Confidence which I shewed him; and it is true, that the Sentiments which he had expressed to me, scarce left me any Prejudice against his Countenance. I only waited now for the Re-establishment of my Strength, to visit my Friend Mademoiselle *De la Noy*; I hoped, that if I should not have the Happiness of always living with her, yet she might prevail with her Parents to place me in a Convent; But this was what *la Riou*, the Con-

Confident of the Marquis, laboured hard to hinder: Being dazzled with his Presents, she was unwilling to lose them. What a Temptation was this to such a venal Soul as hers! And true it is, that she used all her Stratagems and Eloquence, to make me take the Resolution which best suited with her Interests.

The Marquis had told her of his Conversation with me. Her natural Fears made her fly to my Chamber: I was going to sit down at Table when she came in. Lord, cries she, what fine News have I just heard! 'troth, you needed but this Dash of your Pencil to compleat your Picture. What's the matter now? answered I, surprized at this Prelude; if you please, tell me? An Extravagance worthy of yourself, replied she (almost out of breath with Rage) if I must speak plainly; but there are some, perhaps, who are never contented but when they have least Reason to be so. Madam (so she went on) I hope you are well provided here; you are treated, God is Witness, like a Princess! What! you will still tempt Fortune? Does not the Title of Marchioness throw it self in your Way, and it will not please you? But I believe you expect to be made a Queen. Seize the Occasion, I advise you, while you so easily may; should you let it slip, you may
cry

cry your Eyes out, and no one would pity you. Do your Parents run again in your Head, which you know no more of than I do? I would not squint at your Birth; it is not your Fault, if you are No-body's Child. 'Sdeath! you may be a Marchioness, as good as a Princess, and you will not accept it; but will be plain *Nancy*. Madam, replied I, full of Anger, have not I told you, that you might spare your Sollicitude for me? Let alone, I counsel you, my Birth, added I, in a serious Voice, which has nothing to do with what you have to say to me: Monsieur the Marquis shall be acquainted with my Resolution; but, be assured, that my Affection, and no interested Views which any one can give me, will determine me any way. These last Words, I saw, struck my Hostess dumb; she saw I was not to be governed by her; she therefore thought proper to turn the Discourse to another Subject which would less displease me, and at the same time would serve her Interest: The Thing was my Pension, which the Marquis had given his Word to pay: This was a Point I knew not of, which she was glad to acquaint me with: But she thought she must first cool my Repentment, which she perceived by my Countenance; wherefore, in the best manner she could, she began to make me her Excuses; which, indeed, were not of the politest kind.

kind. Because one loves you, and speaks plainly what they think is to your Advantage, you take it in your Head to be offended at them. Madam, had I known we must have had so many Words together; — but no more of it. I cannot hold my Tongue: Here is my poor *Angelica*, who, God be praised, has both Father and Mother, but no Marquis will make her a Marchioness. Ah! were Marquisses as thick as Mushrooms, my poor, legitimate Child would not get one: But every one has his Taste: This Gentleman in my House does not trouble himself about Title; but do not change him for another; for, let me tell you frankly, that if you were to stay at my House all your Life, you would not have a Penny to pay: There's a brave Man for you; I congratulate you from my Heart; but believe, that Monsieur the Marquis is a Miracle Heaven has made for you; for to pay an Orphan's Pension all her Life, must prove a Man an angelic Creature.

I know not what my boiling Indignation would have made me answer my impertinent, avaritious Hostess, if my melancholy Circumstances had not made me disguise my Chagrine; I therefore contented myself with saying, that I was sensible of the Marquis's Generosity; that I knew not whether Necessity would make me accept it; but that if it did, I should make

a very

a very different Use of it from what she imagined. This Answer could not be pleasing to *la Riou*; this intimated to her, that she might lose me.

I shall not trouble my Reader here with the selfish, dishonest Maxims her Fear and Avarice made her inculcate to me on this Occasion; but at last she so wearied me, that I was forced to send her away; contenting myself with the innocent Revenge, of not contenting her Curiosity about the Resolution I designed to take, tho' she had used all her Artifice to draw the Secret from me.

My Ideas in the main were settled, and my Plan laid. I esteemed the Marquis out of Gratitude: But this was not mixed with Love; for I did not find my Heart, as I said before, disposed to it: Perhaps Nature gave me a secret Antipathy, of which I should have had a Difficulty to give any Account to myself. Prejudiced in this manner, I was far from accepting his Propositions, which I believed sincere. They were very capable of flattering my Ambition; but I would not sacrifice my Heart to it. I was, resolved, however, to accept his Generosity; not with a View of his paying for me my Pension in *la Riou's* House, whose interested Character began to displease me incredibly; but in some Convent, where I might honourably wait for
the

the Knowledge of my Parents. I had a Mind, tho', first to try what I might expect from my good Friend *De la Noy*.

My Strength was no sooner re-established, but, accompanied by the Woman they had given me for a Waiting-woman, I went in a Hackney-coach to pay a Visit to my Friend. Tho' I was not willing to be dressed at the Marquis's Expence; yet, being necessitated, and having tried the Cloaths on, I found my Dress of such an elegant Taste, and I appeared so well, that my Repugnance vanished. The Pleasure I felt from this Advantage, soon banished the Confusion which I had, of owing it to the Liberality of another: For I did not love to fill my Mind with Ideas that were displeasing to it.

I shall not mention *la Riou's* gross Flatteries; but it is certain, that I was not dissatisfied with myself. My good Hostess fatigued me with Enquiries, where I was going? whether I would return at Dinner-time? and a thousand other Questions: But I was too much employed to be distracted by her. I was doubtful about the Colour of a Ribbon, which would suit me best; and this, certainly, was no trifling Concern; those who have studied and observed female Nature, will agree with me in my Sentiment: We try, perhaps, a hundred, before we can fix on one. Next it, was the Fall of a
Capuchine

Capuchine that puzzled me: Then a Patch required all my Judgment. And what Art, what Study, does not this demand in a Woman? Let me venture to say, she will shew herself a Dunce, without a Genius for all this. Next came in play Pins: What! will some say, Mention made of Pins! And why not, I pray? Ask any young Person, who has a Desire of pleasing, if the Art of placing a Pin is such an indifferent Matter? If the Men will allow us no other Merit but Beauty, is it a Wonder that we study its Arts?

I now stepped into the Coach, and told the Coachman, in entering, the Street and House where I would alight; for I happily had not forgot my Direction. What Thoughts rush'd into my Mind as soon as I was seated! Shall I find my Friend? What Reception will her Parents give me? Will they pity me? These were my melancholy Thoughts, which filled my Mind. But I had another Pain, of still greater moment, to torment me, and which gave me the most cutting Sorrow.

The tragical Death of the Chevalier was always present to my Ideas; I paid him daily a just Tribute of my Tears: and it was pure Love, and not Interest, that now drew them from me: I had been assured, that his Death, as well as the Count's, had been kept a close Secret; therefore I was void of Fear of any Disturb-

Disturbance that I should receive on that Account: But I was going to appear in the Sight of his Relations; and might they not have been informed, that I had been the Cause, though an innocent one, of his Misfortune? Could I be sure that they would, for this Reason, see me with Pleasure? I reflected, what Reproaches they might make me? May they not say, Why did you not stay in the Convent? you were blinded by your Passion; you blinded him; and do you come to put us cruelly in mind again of his unhappy Death for you? But I hope the candid Reader will excuse me here, considering the interested Temper of the Abbess, my Destitution, and the generous Affection of my young Lover. Can the rigidest Virtue condemn a Step, which Virtue itself was the Motive of? However, during my Reflections and Fears, I determined, if possible, to have an Interview with my Friend, without her Parents having any Knowledge of it.

The Hackney-coach now stopping at the Door of my Friend, the Coachman made Enquiry, and the Porter told him, that she was gone down into the Country a Fortnight ago with her Husband, and that they did not expect her quick Return to *Paris*.

What a Thunderstroke was this for me? In a Moment vanished those flattering Ideas,
which

which so long before had been the Ground of all my Hopes. All is over, said I to myself; I shall see no more that faithful Friend, whose Goodness might still have afforded me some Refuge in my utmost Distress. I now had no Hope left me, but the Marquis's Generosity: He loved me, and that disquieted me; I should have been more happy, if Munificence had been his sole Motive. Could I divine what a Return he would insist on from me? I suspected violently the Perfidy of most human Creatures; I knew that a scorned Lover easily changes into an Enemy: And then, again, my Desolation and Poverty frightened me.

Let any imagine the Anxiety I must have been in: A mournful, melancholy, desponding Air covered my Face; my Eyes flowed with Tears; I fetch'd deep Sighs. *Cathart*, who was with me, seemed to share my Grief, tho' she knew not the Cause: She had heard what the Porter had answered; but, alas! she knew not how much the Absence of my Friend was a Distress to me. This Mark of her Tenderness gained my Confidence: She endeavour'd likewise, in her Way, to comfort me. I would give, said she to me, all the Friends and Relations in the World for a true Lover; and has yours his Equal upon Earth? Can his Generosity leave you any Suspicion? Does not his Respect equal his Love? In short, can you

you well desire a better? Does he not offer to pledge you an inviolable Friendship! What can he do more? you need only say one Yes, to be a Marchioness; Ah! that will never be poor *Cathaut's* Case.

We arrived at the Inn: My curious Hostess was watching at the Door. To avoid her Importunity, I went up hastily into my Apartment, and made for my Excuse, that I had a Letter to write. I was no sooner in my Chamber, but I fell into the most serious Thoughts: I was now to take a final Resolution. How many different Thoughts puzzled my Mind! my long and tedious Stay in a Convent, made me have no great Liking to one; when I considered, the disagreeable, haughty Tempers of many Superiors: Methought I was designed for free Company and Conversation in the World; But how should I be maintained in it? must I be obliged, for my Appearance in it, to another's Generosity? Yet this Gentleman might, in Time, become my Husband; and why should I refuse his Offers? Interest and Ambition pleaded by Turns in my Heart, but they only weakly moved it; and I was not disposed to gratify them at the Expence of all my future Happiness: For when I examined my Heart, it was silent upon the Article of my ever loving the Marquis. Reason, in vain, would have put in a Word, and persuaded me, that I
ought

ought to force my Inclinations; it is always in the wrong, when it would have us do Violence to Nature.

The Idea of being maintained by the Marquis offended my Delicacy; but I had a much greater Repugnance to give him my Hand in Marriage: A Convent was become my Aver- sion; for nothing but my dear Friend *De la Noy* could have made it agreeable. I must here observe, that in the midst of these Perplexities I no ways doubted of the Marquis's Honour; but the Sequel will shew, whether I was in the right or not, in doing so.

After an Hour's Consideration, I was just as determined as ever. *La Riou*, who had but half gratified her Curiosity, came into my Chamber. Well, Madam, said she, I hope now we shall keep you with us; your Friend is run away with from you; and, in Consequence, Adieu Convent. But what signifies it? If I was as you, I should not be sorry. Would you confine so many pretty Graces to melancholy, peevish Nuns? Tell me: I warrant, you are sorry. No, Madam, replied I, because it is a Loss which I can easily repair. And would you take my Counsel, answered she, I would do so soon; I would strike the Iron while it is hot; climb boldly Fortune's Wheel, and you will soon be at the Top; you'll soon forget your former plain Name

I

Nancy.

Nancy. Ah! good Mistress Hostess, replied I in an angry Tone, must I always bear with your Ill-manners? A little more Humanity and Complaisance would better become you; I expect no Politeness from you: Why do you always endeavour to humble me with my Birth? Have you not been credibly informed, that I owe my Birth to one who by her Countenance, her Air, her Manner, shewed a noble Extraction; that she had a considerable Attendance? Is there any thing in this Circumstance, that should always draw upon me your Scorn? Alas! that dear Mother, if she be still alive, I do not doubt, is full of Concern for me. Oh! that the happy Moment would not delay, when I shall throw myself into her Arms, and forget in them my present Misery.

In speaking this, I shed a Torrent of Tears. *La Riou*, as I said before, was not hard-hearted; she wept with me; she even entertained a more favourable Idea of me, than what she had been prejudiced with; she quitted her familiar rude Behaviour, and from that Time avoided the low Name of *Nancy*, which revolted my Pride and Vanity:

Ah! my dear Lady, cried she out, I am sorry to have thus offended you; think, I did not, foolish Creature that I am, design it: Well, the Name of Marchioness, I must own, would tempt me; but no more of that now.

You

You must not, you shall not leave us ; I would not pardon you in the Hour of my Death ; we know who you and the Marquis are, in my House ; but should you go elsewhere, what Mouths would you open ? The World, you know, is more curious than good-natured in our Days ; Tongues will rattle on as they please, and the foolishhest the fastest ; there will be a thousand Questions, who the Marquis is ; Is he a Relation ? Is he a Lover ? Or is he something else ? You will hear a fine Jingle of Opinions : But here every one's Mouth is sewed up about what passes. Monsieur the Marquis certainly loves you : What ! you are handsome, where is the Harm in that ? I wish I had as much Beauty, and a Marquis at my Pleasure. Trust me, Madam, let Men love you as much as they please, your Affairs will not be in a worse Condition for that.

She ran on in this Clack with such Volubility, that it was impossible for me to get in a Word with her ; but at last the Larum was down : I coolly told her, that I would reflect on what she had said. But tho' I saw she would have been pleased, if I had gratified her interested Temper with an Assurance that I would not leave her, yet I would not condescend to it ; she was forced to go away doubtful. Her confused Discourse, however, thoroughly opened my Eyes, and convinced

me, that I should suffer in my Reputation, if the Marquis maintained me in the *Beau Monde*. I had a Project I designed to communicate to him. I desired *la Riou* to acquaint the Marquis, that I earnestly desired to speak with him.

It was with Difficulty, after many Tears, and many Struggles, I had obtained from myself to have this Conversation: My Eyes had been bathed with Tears, and were not quite free from them when he came in.

Are you going, said he to me, with a most enamoured Look, are you going to pronounce the Sentence of my Death? Must I be deprived of the Felicity of your Sight? Is this the barbarous News you have for me? Ah! no, generous Sir, said I; what I have to say need not alarm you; if my Confidence and Esteem are valued by you, I am going to satisfy you, in regard to them both. Ah! speak, charming Creature, said he, how happy shall I think myself, if I can be of Service to you! Yes, Sir, replied I, and it is to implore the Succours of your Generosity, that I have taken the Liberty to send for you. Ah! my adorable Creature, use not those Expressions to me, who esteems it his highest Glory to love you. I thank you, Sir, answered I, for the Honour you do me; but please to hear me. Tho' I am confounded at your multiplied Generosity, yet I will dare to say, that I have an equal
Grati-

Gratitude ; but I had thought, I should not have been obliged to ask you the Continuance ; I had still a Friend, who, I hoped would have secured me against Necessity ; but she is taken from me ; her Parents have forced her to marry a Person, who is disagreeable to her. It is a Fortnight since he has taken her down with him into the Country. I thought of writing to her ; but alas ! I am afraid, she could only afford me an useless Pity. Thus, Sir ! let me owe to your Generosity, what I ought rather to owe to my Friend. I have told you, that I desired of you the Honour of your Friendship, and Protection ; do not refuse them ; must I throw myself on my Knees ? And saying this, I was going to put myself in this humbling Posture. To mention here, what was the Astonishment of the Marquis, with what Transport he hindered me, with what Vivacity he flung himself at my Feet, are Things impossible.

Oh ! dearest of human Creatures, said he, while he tenderly pressed my Hand ; what is there in my Behaviour, which covers you with this Confusion ? What am I so unhappy, as to make you still doubt of my Sincerity ? Do you not know.—Ah ! for Heaven's Sake, Sir, said I, Let me have Time to finish. I do not in the least doubt of your Sincerity. It is in this Persuasion, that I will not hide from you my inmost Thoughts ; perhaps I may possibly lose

by it the Effects of your Bounty ; but I owe your Generosity and Humanity this Candor. Let me believe, that it is from your Generosity alone, that I receive this Succour, which I ask of you. You know Love cannot be forced, and I have more Esteem and Gratitude for you at present, than of that Passion. Procure me a Retreat in a Convent, where I may expect the fortunate Hour, when Heaven will restore me my Parents. Is this then, cried he, is this Madam, the cruel Design you have formed against my Happiness ? But why do you not compleat your Confidence by telling me, that it is to withdraw from my odious Sight that you can take this Resolution. No, Sir, said I, can you possibly imagine me capable of such Deceit ? You have Sir ! Probity and Reason ; can you believe, that Honour, Decency, and the Care of my Reputation, do not oblige me to make Choice of an obscure Retreat, to secure myself against the envenomed Darts, which Calumny would not fail to throw at me in the *grand Monde*.

The Marquis kept his Eyes fixed upon me ; he appeared lost in Thought and Astonishment ; after a few Minutes Silence, he gave this Answer. It is true Madam, that these Reflections had escaped me ; but I hope other Methods may be taken to secure your Honour, than those you propose. I agree with you, that
this

this House is not proper for you to continue in ; wherefore, I should be glad, that you would lodge in another, where you shall be sole Mistress ; I will give you a numerous Retinue ; you shall have a Train, and Equipage, suitable to the Rank you shall take. Consider, Madam, if this Proposal will be agreeable ? No, certainly Sir, replied I quickly ; the Malignity of the World alarms me. I am too jealous of my Honour, to give it Reason to censure me. Let my Poverty render me an Object of Pity ; but I will never become one of Contempt. Then, Sir, pronounce my Fate ; consider, if you will grant me the generous Assistance I implore of your Goodness. What, replied again the Marquis, can nothing move you ? It is not your Love, it is your Pity that I ask ; I have contracted a Habit of the soft Pleasure of seeing you, will you deprive me of the only Pleasure of my Life ? For, how can I enjoy it, if you execute your cruel Purpose ? You know not the Whim-fies of a Convent ? Will they suffer the frequent Visits of a young Man ? Does not their Gravity oblige them to forbid them ?

I had experienced this in the Convent where I was ; thus I agreed with the Marquis, that perhaps he would not have the Freedom of seeing me. But in fine, I press'd him so close upon the Topic, that a Lover should gratify, tho' contrary to his own, the Inclination of his

Mistress, that he either approv'd of, or seem'd to approve my Design. But to execute it, he must, he said, speak with a Relation, to whom he would trust the Care of chusing a Convent. This last Instance of Kindness, deserved from me a thousand Thanks. We left each other at Length, having agreed that *la Riou* should know nothing of our Resolution.

I now began to be in an easier State of Mind ; because I no ways doubted the Exactness of the Marquis in fulfilling his Promises. A Fortnight pass'd away ; and not a Word of the Convent. Shall I here acknowledge my Simplicity ? The Marquis's Silence all this Time upon this important Point, no Ways alarmed me. He was always gay and polite, and every Hour procur'd me new Pleasures. I have not disguised the Taste I had for the World ; and I had not yet made my Appearance in it. I may say, I only knew it by the Picture, which they had drawn me of it ; but I began now to judge by my Eyes. The Marquis would have me take the Title of his Relation ; and it was under this Veil, that he introduced me into the most brilliant Companies. Walks, Games, Shews, took up all the Time which I did not employ at my Toilet. I cannot say, but that this Splendor abated my Taste for a Convent ; so I was not displeased that my Lover did not hasten the Execution of my Project.

ject. He was too well skill'd not to discover my Thoughts. In this View he multiplied more than ever my Pleasures. In a Word, this wrought so powerfully on me, that I could no longer think of a Convent without Horror. All my Thoughts were now fill'd with the honourable Establishment, I might have in the World, if I gave my Hand to the Marquis. And it is true, I never had any Repugnance to do so, but for a certain Look and Air, at Times, which I observed in him; his Actions, and all his Behaviour seem'd generous and noble; in short, there appear'd Nothing which did not require my utmost Love and Gratitude. He perceiv'd, that every Day his Stratagem gain'd Ground upon me. Perhaps likewise, a freer Air shew'd in me an opener Friendship, if not the Beginning of Love, and prov'd my Indifferency at its last Struggle. Was not this enough to encourage a Lover? Mine fail'd not of making Use of the Occasions. As I spoke not of a Convent, he did not put me in Mind of one; but they were perpetual Discourses of Love, which he entertain'd me with.

I believe, Madam, said he to me, one Day, when he saw me more dispos'd to hear his tender Language, you no longer doubt my Sincerity; I assure you, what I am going to say, proceeds as much from a Desire of your Happiness as my own. I can revenge you on For-

tune, by sharing my Lot with you. My Love assures me, that by the constant Pleasure I shall take to prevent your Desires, I can render your Condition very happy. Give me then the Joy of an Assurance, that you do not think me altogether unworthy of you. You have mentioned, added he, some Obstacles which I might meet with from my Relations: I will not conceal from you, that this is a Difficulty which gives me some Disquiet. It is true, I may put a just Confidence in a Mother, who has a great Tenderneſs for me, but then I know, but too well, that Interest only governs all her Views, and this makes me apprehend, that ſhe will not oppoſe my Deſign. There is, however, one Way I may have her forced Conſent. Would you, Madam, doubt my moſt ſolemn Oath. I will pledge you my Troth at the Foot of the Altar. I will receive yours; nothing will be wanting but a certain public Splendor, which would add nothing to the Strength of thoſe Engagements, which we ſhall enter into; they ſhall, if you pleaſe, remain Secret during a convenient Time; but, if they ſhould be known Abroad, do you think the Tenderneſs of a Mother can hold out againſt my Prayers and Tears? I am perſuaded, that ſhe would be ſo far from loading me with Reproaches, that being ſoon charmed like me, with your Perſon, and ten
Thouſand

Thousand amiable Qualities, she would readily applaud my Choice.

This Discourse appeared too studied, not to give me a Diffidence. I reflected upon a thousand Deceits of Mankind, which I had read, or heard of. No, Sir, replied I, I will never contract a clandestine Marriage: Moreover, let me tell you, Sir, it is an open solemn Acknowledgment, and in form, and not a forced Consent, that I require. But what, replied the Marquis with some Warmth, can you be so unjust as to suspect me of a base Stratagem? Suspect me of a Treason against Honour?—No, Sir! added I, I look upon you in another Light; but I perceive my Virtue would be alarmed, if I agreed to what you propose. It is that alone, which can make me worthy of you: Suffer me to preserve it entire, and that I take no Step which may tarnish its Lustre. Besides, Sir, let me boast, that I am so far from being ungrateful, that I would not embroil you with your Family. Passion without Prudence, often causes Repentance. I might by Familiarity and secure Possession, when you were reproached by your Relations, become the Object of your Regret, if not Hatred and Detestation. Oh! Madam, cried out the Marquis, what do you say? By Heavens, I could adore your Chains for ever; they would never prejudice my Felicity. Ah! have
a better

a better Opinion of the Truth and Ardor of my Flames.

A hundred Oaths of Fidelity followed this, to support his Promises. But finding I was not to be moved by them, he told me, he would write to the Marchioness his Mother, the most pressing Letters, to gain her Consent for our Marriage; this Letter was his Pretence of leaving me.

I thought I had done all that Woman could, to secure me against the Deceit of Man; but how can Innocency defend itself against long practised Artifice? Fraud has a thousand Advantages over simple Sincerity.

The Marquis, to remove my Suspicions, made a false Confidence to *la Riou* of his Designs. He told her, that since I would not consent to what he proposed, he was going to write to the Marchioness his Mother, and that he did not doubt, but his Letter would soon bring her up to *Paris*, to consent to his Marriage. The Marquis had no sooner turned his Back, but there was a Noise over all the House, that the Marquis was expected to ratify our Marriage. Every one complimented me; and *la Riou* was not the last to do it.

My charming Lady, cried she out, in aloud Voice, you are already Marchioness, or as good as so. You have spoke the Word at last. You have done wisely for

For one is weary in this Life of every Thing, and a M—den—d oftentimes the soonest of any Thing. Troth, I got rid of it as soon as I could, and thought it was well parted with. It is true tho', which I am sorry for, a Marquis did not fall in my Way, as in yours. How I should have jumped at him! But Diantre, you have been prudent. Men as you thought truly, oft make more Promises than they perform, there is no trusting them without Bond and Security. You have taken the right Way; you understand me. Many other pretty Creatures, not so wise as you, have fallen into their Nets. I could tell you of one.

Pray Madam do, replied I, to her, in a cool Manner. I'll first tell you the Name of the young Maid, said she, it was *Agatha*; she was sprightly, genteel; in short, the prettiest Girl in the Neighbourhood. She was a charming Jewel. The young Creature was not ignorant of it; for every Woman has Eyes to see her own Beauty. But now for *Agatha*. Can you imagine, what ruined her? It was her Pride. Tho' the Daughter of a Farmer, she took it in her Head to carry it as high as a Countess. Her good Mother (God rest her Soul, for she died of Grief) could see nothing but her *Agatha*; and I believe, to have made her a Queen, she would have bought, if she could, a Crown. Imagine then,

then, if she did not do her best to content her Vanity. As for her Pride of Dress, we'll say nothing of it; something must please the Eye. But *Agatha* was contented with nothing but being a great Lady; that was her Maggot. If a rich Farmer's Son pretended to her, she treated him with an Air, you may imagine. But for Marquisses, Counts, and Barons, she was at her Ease with them. I would not intimate, that she was not cunning, but she was not so to the End. Unluckily for her; though it was not perhaps her Fault, that her Foot slipped. But we married Women, or Maids, are so good, and the Men so mischievous, that we must be lucky indeed not to run into their Nets. I forget my Story. Ah! where was I? I said then, this poor *Agatha* had a Fall. It was a young Baron, as beautiful as the Day, that made her stumble. Would you know how he gain'd his Point. She blush'd at the Mention of Love; but he began to talk of Marriage. Sure, that, or nothing will whet the Appetite of a young Woman. *Agatha* was liquorish; she snapt at him. This Marriage, which he promised her, was to be private. She was not to whisper a Word to her good Mother; they instructed her well in that Lesson. One Day she pretended to make a little Journey into the Country, to see a Relation; and it was, if you please, to meet the Baron, who waited
for

for her in a Chaise at the City-Gate, to carry her out of the Kingdom. Did he really marry? Or how was the Marriage made? This is what Story does not mention. But now we come to the End, which is not so pleasant, as the Beginning. In three Months Time the Baron fairly left the Baronness, who was forced, tho' much against her Will, to return in the same Coach to *Paris*. What is to be said of those commodious Marriages, that are as soon loosed, as tagged together? But you, Madam, have taken the good Side, and do not resemble *Agatha*. There's nothing like a good Marriage, at which there is the Curate, an honest Notary, with every Thing in Form. You are in the Right of it, Madam, that you are. Keep to that Resolution. You might indeed, I believe have trusted to your noble Lover's Honour; but Rule is Rule. Tell me, pray, is it soon that the Marchioness will be here. Shall we have a Wedding on the Spot? S'dearth, we'll have Music, I warrant you; and I will try if on such an Occasion, I cannot find my young Legs again.

My good Hostess was going on, when she was called away to her great Regret.

A Fortnight now was passed, and the Marquis had received no News from the Lady his Mother. Yet my Reader will perceive by the Sequel, that he might have had a Letter sooner, if he

he would. This long expected Answer at last comes. The Marquis was walking with me in the Garden, when he received it. He asked me Leave to unseal and read it. The Joy of his Countenance seem'd to double as he went on in the Perusal, tho' he ran it over with Precipitation. Ah! adorable, condescending Mother! cried he, you will then consent to make me compleatly happy. How happy should I be, charming Creature, were you as much affected with this News as I am! In two Days my Mother will be here. And on Account of the Portrait I have given her of you, she does not seem averse to my Choice. But do you not think, Sir, said I, that the Lady your Mother will not know how to judge of a Picture drawn of a Mistress by a Lover? Is there not room to apprehend many Objections yet on her Side? I have not forgot likewise, that you said, Interest and Ambition govern'd all her Views.

Ah! Madam, replied he, I acknowledge what you say; but this interested, ambitious Mother (if it may be permitted me to say so of a Parent) is likewise an indulgent one. Could she, think you, see me plunged in Despair, attempt upon my own Life? No, no, I do not fear such an Excess of Severity. I hope for every Thing from her Goodness. But, added he, my divine Creature, all this Happiness, does

does not touch me, but in as much as you are to share it.

There seemed to me to be so much Transport and Love in the Conversation of the Marquis, that I applauded myself for the Conquest of his Heart.

The Marquis left me to dispatch, as he said, some Business. He had a House to take and furnish; Judges to solicit, &c. which would take up great Part of his Time, to the coming of the Marchioness.

I will not deny, but I waited this Moment with as much Impatience as the Marquis; and, methinks, the Reader will believe I had sufficient Reasons; the Determination of my Fortune depended on it: For if the Marchioness approved her Son's Choice, I had no more Poverty, no more Disquiet, no more Snares, for my Innocence to fear; thus I flattered myself: Add to this, that I now began to sincerely love him. But this was not the Change of a Day, which some of my Sex seem capable of. He had used towards me the greatest Liberality; the most assiduous Complaisance, prevented my very Desires, and he professed that glowing Ardor, which I believe capable of surmounting the coldest Indifference. In fine, I now did love him: But what was the Consequence?

The Day that the Marchioness was to arrive, my Lover came to me, that we might agree

agree about certain Methods, which should appear necessary for the Completion of our Design; and I had no great Difficulty to approve them. You know, Madam, said he, the Character of our Landlady; you have acquainted her with all that concerns us; which, indeed, should have been concealed from her: But to hide what may hereafter be proper to hide, I have taken care to hire a distant, convenient House, where my Mother, at her first Visit, will not fail to give you an Invitation to accept a Lodging in her Country-seat. It is To-morrow that I hope you will be accommodated more deservingly, according to your Merit: But because *la Riou* is ignorant of our designed Abode, I believe it will be proper not to take *Cathaut* with you; for she would, without doubt, continue to visit *la Riou*, and acquaint her with what we would hide.

I told him I should follow his Advice with Pleasure; and that I thought my own Honour interested in so doing. Contented with my Answer, he flew, full of Joy, to receive the Marchioness, who was punctual in visiting me the next Day. She was accompanied by my Lover, a Chamber-woman, and three tall Lacqueys, who were in Livery, according to my best Judgment, of the greatest Magnificence and Elegancy.

Some

Some will think, that this which I have last mentioned is a mere Trifle; but is any thing so to a young Person, which flatters their Vanity? I reflected, in this Moment, both on my present Condition, and that which was designed me: The Title of Marchioness, which I expected, supposed an Equipage; and this Equipage must have a Resemblance of what my Lover's Mother had shewn me. But let us proceed.

Judge, Madam, said the Marquis, presenting me to her, if I have made a false Picture to you of this young Lady. No, certainly, replied the Marchioness; and I acknowledge, that such an agreeable Physiognomy suffices to revenge, Madam, the Caprices of Fortune. Excuse me, Madam, said I, with a modest Blush which mounted into my Cheeks, spare me, I beg of you, a little more: I know myself too well not to perceive, it is to your Politeness alone, that I owe the Praises which you do me the Honour of before your Son. But, Madam, answered the Marchioness, it is Justice only which I think gives them. I will not conceal from you, Madam, that my Son's Inclinations a little disconcerted my Designs; I came here with an Intention of making him sensible of an Advantage I designed him, in a certain Project of mine for his Grandeur; but I find I should have a great deal of Difficulty to
blame

blame his Choice; and I do not well know how I can resist his Perswasions, to alter my first Resolution. Ah! replied with Eagerness the Marquis, throwing himself at his Mother's Feet, let me no longer doubt of my Happiness; Will you make me the most wretched of all Mankind?

Hope, my Son, answered gently the Marchioness; but before I pass my Word, suppose I will make my Reflections, and I hope they will not be displeasing to you. Then turning to me, she said; I suppose, Madam, you will not refuse an Apartment in my House; for I believe your own excellent Sense will not permit you to continue longer where you are; the Rank which my Son designs you, requires another Situation.—At these Words, which were almost a formal Consent, my Lover, in Transport, kissed, a hundred times, his Mother's Hands; while, by my Thanks, I endeavoured to make her sensible of my Gratitude for so high a Favour which she did me. Let us go, my dear Lady, said she, giving me her Hand, let us get into the Coach, and we shall be at my House in a Moment. *Cathaut*, my Waiting-woman, would have followed me; but the Marquis bid her stay, because he had something to order her. The Liberality which he shewed them, made both *la Riou* and her bear my Departure more patiently.

It was but too Hours after our Arrival at the Hotel, that the Marquis came to us. Nothing could be more elegant or richly furnished than the Apartment designed for me: It joined to that of the Marchioness, who did not leave me, but was perpetually careffing me: She gave me continual Praises, and I seemed a Miracle to her: I thought her so inclined in my Favour, that I could not doubt of her Consent: And, indeed, in a Week this feigned Mother gave her full Consent. The Reader will soon see my Reason for calling her so.

It was now twelve Days that I had left *la Riou*, and nothing passed worthy of the Reader's Knowledge, all was the same over again: Careffes, Praises, &c. The Time now came, when the Marquis hoped to gather the Fruit of all his Perfidy. His Mother (let us yet give her this Name) fixed the Day when we were to be married, and all Things were preparing. One of the Marquis's Friends promised him the Use of his Country-seat, where the Sham-marriage was to cover me with Infamy and Disgrace; but Heaven, the Protector of Innocence, guarded me against such a Misfortune.

The perfidious and artful Marquis (for by what other Name can I call him) who thought he was near his Prey, gave himself up to the freest Joy; his Satisfaction spread upon his Countenance a certain Openness, that banished
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that subtle, gloomy, designing Air, which I had observed before. In short, he spoke to me in such Transport and Rapture, that I did not doubt but I was still going to enjoy the Happiness of the most envied State.

The Marquis had scarce left me a Minute, when one of his Friends (this was precisely he who had lent him his Seat) came to visit him. I had complained of a Pain in my Head, and said, I would go into the Garden. Happily for me, I did not go down, because I experienced so great a Weakness, that I was forced to throw myself upon my Bed. The Marquis, believing I was in the Garden, made his Friend come up Stairs.

O Heavens! what a Conversation did I overhear! I cannot remember it yet without Horror: The Reader will judge, by what follows, my Reasons.

Well, said the Marquis to his Friend, what News, Sir? Have you spoken to your Servants? Have you learnt them their Lesson? Oh! to Perfection, replied the Baron; my Orders are given; your Affair shall succeed; depend upon my Care: Who is he, think you, that is to act the principal Part? It is my honest Footman, *Gros-bois*; he shall have the Honour To-morrow of marrying you to your beautiful Goddess; twenty Pistoles have removed all his Scruples: But you shall be quit at a cheaper Rate with my
other

other Servants, who must act but subaltern Parts. Oh! what are my Obligations? replied the Marquis; it is to your Management I shall owe the riotous Enjoyment of my pretty Mistress. Oh! what Happiness I imagine to myself in her Arms! You will allow, that the free Enjoyment of her, deserves all the Pains I have been at in getting her. But tell me, Marquis, said his Friend, upon what Footing will you keep your Idol? Will you keep her in her sham Quality a long Time? That will depend upon the Continuance of my Passion, replied the Marquis; and to say how long it will continue, is more than I know: As for the Footing on which I shall keep her, you must perceive, that this comic Marriage requires the Rank of a Marchioness; but, depend upon it, this shall only be at home; for it is my fixed Resolution, not to let her appear abroad. Nothing can be projected better, replied the Baron; for this new-coined Marchioness might get hold of some Suspicion, and escape the Net. That shall not happen while my Passion is warm, replied the Marquis; but if it should come to cool, let her take her Flight, I will give her full Liberty. But what think you, says his Friend, of the Lady Dowager I have procured on this Occasion? Oh Gad! says he, she's an expert one. I would then, says the other, have you keep her in Half-pay; she may be of Service to you here-
after

after: Farewel! Shall I see you with your two Marchionesses before Day To-morrow? Yes, replied he, and I promise, you shall be content with my Exactness.

Was not this an afflicting Discourse for me, of which I did not lose one Word? What Violence was I forced to do myself, not to make a Discovery of where I was? With what Agitations of Rage, Fury, and Indignation was I not possessed? His Villainy, Perfidy, and Treason, swelled my Mind up to Distraction.

Happily for me, the Traitor Marquis went down to accompany some way his base Friend: I made my Advantages of this Interval, to haste from the Bed and walk into the Garden, where I gave myself up to the most melancholy Reflections. I did not doubt but that I had every thing to fear from the treacherous Marquis; all my Thoughts turned upon the surest Means of making my Escape: I was resolved to dissemble, as much as possible, my Uneasiness: I raised my Eyes to Heaven, and recommended myself to it with the most fervent Prayers: I was satisfied I had no other Method to take, than a quick Flight; but the Execution of such a Design did not seem easy to me: The Question was, how to escape from that Crowd of base Domestics, who were Accomplices with their Master, and perhaps hired to keep me in Sight. I was in this Perplexity, when Heaven, no doubt, inspired

spired me with a Design, which fixed my Resolution. There was in the Garden where I walked a long Row of Trees, close to a Wall, whose Branches hung over into a Street that was very little frequented; I therefore purposed in the Night to climb into one of those Trees, which seemed of an easy Ascent, and let myself down into the Street by the Help of a Cord. My Plan being thus laid, I understood I must affect a great Tranquillity. The Supper-time came; I went up into my Apartment, where I found the Marquis. I must own, the Sight of this wicked Man gave me a Shock, which it is impossible for me to express: If a Fiend had appeared before me, he could not have given me a greater Detestation: But Dissimulation was necessary.

We sat down at Table; the Marquis being uneasy at my want of Stomach, counselled me to retire to Bed. Oh! how glad was I of this Occasion to be rid of their odious Presence. A Chamber-maid helped me to Bed, where I waited with Impatience the lucky Moment of my Escape. When I had Reason to think the whole House in a deep Sleep, I flung myself out of Bed, dressed myself in haste, took from a Closet a Cord, which I had observed there before; and, by the Help of a Light I kept by me, I went softly down Stairs, to a Door which opened into the Garden, and was only

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bolted.

bolted : But I met with more Difficulty than I thought, in climbing up into the Tree that hung over the Wall ; yet in a little time I succeeded. I now had nothing to do, but bind securely the Cord I had to a Branch that leaned on the Wall, and so slide down by it : I did so, and was soon in the Street : But what I should now do puzzled me.

I cannot think of my melancholy Situation without trembling. It was two o' Clock, in a gloomy Morning : I was alone in a By-street : Could I hope, in a Time when every one almost enjoys sweet Sleep, Chance would bring to me any one from whom I might hope for Succour ? I seated myself on a Bench, where, filled with Fears, and trembling with Cold, I waited for the Return of Day. What a Wretch am I ? would I say to myself ; an Alien to the whole World ; Who will hold forth a helping Hand to me ? The Perfidy of Mankind gives me just Grounds for never trusting their specious Promises any more. Fatal Beauty ! to what Perils dost thou not expose thy Possessors ! thy Dangers fright me more, than all my Desolation and Poverty.

These melancholy Reflections drew Tears from me ; my Cheeks were bathed with them ; I fetched the deepest Sighs : But neither Tears nor Sobs gave any Relief to my Sorrows ; I was under a Necessity of resolving ; but what
Prudence

Prudence could direct me? *La Riou*, indeed, came into my Mind on this Occasion; but, besides that this Woman would only lend a barren Pity to my Misfortunes, if I went to her; I had likewise to fear, lest the perfidious Marquis would come to find me, and make me, sooner or later, the Victim of his Violence or Artifice.

I was in cruel Agitations, when I thought I heard, at a Distance, the Noise of a Coach: I could not at first distinguish if it was coming towards me; but my Doubt chiefly was, whether I should stay for, or shun it. A thousand Objects of Horror presented themselves to my Mind: Perhaps I may meet in this Coach Dangers that I never thought of, said I to myself. I, notwithstanding, lent an attentive Ear to the Sound, that now seemed nearer. If, at least, the Obscurity of the Night had permitted me to distinguish Objects, I should have understood what to trust to. I might, with a Sufficiency of Light, and an Air like mine, have hoped for some Security or Assistance. The Street was straight; I might have been crush'd against the Wall, if I had not called out; the Cry I made saved me: The Hackney-coachman (for he was one) stopt his Coach. Ah! cried I, whoever you are, if you have a sensible Heart, take Compassion of an unhappy Wretch; save her, protect her Innocence?

And, in God's Name, who has planted you there, young Woman? said the Coachman; (who had got down, and come near to me) this is not a Time, I suppose, to go to Bed with the Evening Star; What! a young Chicken like you? Well, you shall not die in the Cold for this Time; there is, luckily, no one in my Coach; get up, my good Lady, and tell me whither you would be carried. I know not, replied I; for I belong to no one upon Earth. The Devil's in't, replied the Coachman, if you are not the Child of Somebody: But tell me, if you never had a Father or Mother; have you, at least, not some Friend, some Acquaintance? for you certainly design I should carry you somewhere; I and my poor Horses cannot give you a Jaunt for ever. I know Nobody, replied I, but a Woman with whom I lodged; but I am afraid; if I go thither, of the Violence of a young Gentleman, which I just escaped from. Well, if it be so, there is, I assure you, an honest Public-house in our Neighbourhood; Would you go thither? But take notice, I shall not say to them, that I took you up in the Streets; for, 'troth, I should, in such a Case, be taken for a Smuggler; Well, to bring you fairly off, I must tell a few harmless Lies; you shall see, whether I am not capable of inventing, as well as many others, a fine History: But let us make haste; for, Gad,

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it is not warm; step up, without Ceremony, into my Vehicle, and you shall see, if I do not know how to drive Jehu-like.

I had no room for Deliberation; I therefore trusted myself to him that spoke to me. But one Thought tormented me: What Reception shall I find, I know not where? Will they vouchsafe to receive me? Shall I tell them, that I have not wherewithal to bear the Expences of a Day. I knew *la Riou* had laid out nothing of the small Sum which I entrusted to her on my Account: But would a Woman of her Temper make a Reimbursement? Thus I had nothing to depend upon but Providence and Charity. Oh! Heavens! said I within myself, abandon not a Creature who trusts to thy Providence and Protection; save my persecuted Virtue, and inspire some worthy Person with Sentiments of Humanity towards me.

I was thus full of anxious Thoughts, when a Stranger came of a sudden to the Door of the Coach. Ah! Madam, or Sir, said he, for I know not which you are, refuse me not a Favour I have to ask; one of my Friends is dying of his Wounds a Step from this Place; perhaps his Life may be saved, if he has ready Assistance; suffer me to come with him into this Coach, till we can get to a Surgeon, who lives not far from this Place.

This was such a Horror, such an unexpected Surprize to me, that I had not Power to answer one Word: I feared this might be some Adventure which might be my Ruin.

The Coachman, however, who overheard what was said, thought this was lucky Corn to his Mill: He would not lose it; and, without my Leave, he consented, that both should come into his Coach. It was not without Difficulty that they got the wounded Person into it. The Stranger made me his Excuse, for the Inconveniency which this caused me: Then he turned his Words to his Friend, and asked him how he did? I shall not live, said he, for I lose all my Blood; I shall be dead, added he, in a fainting Voice, before we get to the Surgeon: Dear Friend, I pardon you my Death; but I beg of you, that I may be set down, it will prolong my Life some Minutes; for I cannot bear this Shaking, which kills me.

We at that Time were luckily opposite to an Inn. The Stranger bid the Coachman stop, and knock for Entrance. About a quarter of an Hour passed before any one came to the Door: A Girl, half asleep, came at last, with a Lanthorn in her Hand. It is impossible to express my Surprize; it was at the House of my former Hostess where I was set down. I immediately knew the Servant; the Sight of
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me frightened her so much, that she ran several Steps backward, and made a great Outcry. I was seized with a Horror and Trembling that is inexpressible, when I saw the Person who offered me his Hand in getting out of the Coach; it was the perfidious Friend of the Marquis, who was to have assisted him in his infamous Design. I was scarce got into the House, but I swooned; and continued in this Condition a great while, without their being able to recover me. Happily, the Surgeon, who had been called upon to dress the Gentleman's Wounds, recovered me to my Senses, by a cordial Elixir which he gave me.

Ah! was it designed by Providence, that this Day should be marked with a Series of astonishing Events? a most particular one was, to see the Posture of the Baron before me; he was at my Knees, when my Eyes first opened again upon the Light. Let not, dear Lady, said he, my Sight any longer be odious to you; look upon me, I beg of you, as a Person entirely devoted to you: I am not ignorant, that you have Reason to hate me, on Account of the Zeal which I shewed to serve the Marquis: I guess, it was my unexpected Sight, which threw you into this Fright and Weakness: You imagined I should acquaint the Marquis again where you are, and assist his dishonourable Design: Do not fear it, I would

lose my Life, before I would be guilty again of so base an Action. This is a Change, Sir! replied I, that I cannot account for; for it was you who was to have drawn me into the Snare; it was at your Country-seat that my Honour was to have been sacrificed, by the Commission of a Sacrilege. Madam, replied he, I will not deny any of these Crimes; but believe me, at the same time, most sincerely sorry for having yielded too far to a Friend's Seducement: I will endeavour to atone, by my Actions, for my past Behaviour; I am at last happily acquainted with your History; I know what Reason you have to complain of Fortune. Madam, it is my Parents who I hope will do your Virtue Justice; I will, as soon as possible, procure for you their Friendship. Ah! Sir, how can what you say, ever be effected? Am I not a Stranger? What Motive can prevail on them to compassionate my destitute Condition? That Principle, Madam, answered he, which influences all their Actions; it is Piety: Can they be sensible of the Danger which your heroic Virtue is exposed to, without giving you an assisting Hand? Oh! Madam, never doubt it; you will find my pious Mother a Person zealous in protecting Innocence: Think not, Madam, of my former Dispositions; your Charms, your resolute Virtue, your amiable Quali-

Qualities, have made a thorough Reformation in me, and gained you for ever my Adoration.

The Baron, after this, desired I would remain where I was, without any Apprehension of the Marquis, till he could have News from his Parents; adding, that he knew how to speak to the Marquis, and intimidate him in such sort, that he would leave off his base Designs against me. The Surgeon had dressed his Friend's Wounds during this Conversation, and did not find them so dangerous as they were apprehended. But as for me, I still continued in an incredible Agitation, upon Account of the quick Succession of extraordinary Adventures which had befallen me.

Before the Baron quitted me, he recommended me to *la Riou*, and desired her to take a particular care of me; and assured me, he would visit me again with the greatest Pleasure, as soon as he had taken his proper Measures. The Sequel will shew what they were, and how happy for me they proved.

I was again alone with my old Hostess; What an endless Series of Questions did she ask me? they almost drove me a second time to Distraction. Well, young Lady, who should have been a Marchioness, said she, you have here a great many pretty Things; tell me, what do you design to do with them?

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I shall

I shall send them back to the Giver, do not doubt, replied I. That would be another of your Follies, said she; Should not the Villain pay for his treacherous Designs? 'troth, I wish I could make him do so with a Vengeance: I assure you, they shall not so easily go out of my Hands. By Heaven, I make more of a Sinner's Gifts, than I esteem a Saint's God bless you, and you must have Patience; I consider always the Thing given, and not the Hand that gave it.

My Hostess, in vain, would have persuaded me: The Resolution was; the Cloaths and Linen should be sent to the Marquis. I was busy in making up the Pacquet, when the Baron came in. Madam, said he, what are you doing? Are you preparing for a Journey? No, Sir, replied I; I am only sending back to the Owner what does not belong to me; my Honour would suffer too much, if I retained any thing which was the Present of the Man who designed to ruin me. I understand you, replied the Baron; this is an Action worthy of your generous Virtue; I am glad of it; this will add to the Idea, or rather strengthen it, which my Mother has of your Virtue. What! replied I, with Astonishment, have you already prepared your Parents to receive some favourable Sentiments of me? Did you imagine

gine, replied the Baron, that I only designed to amuse you, when I promised to make my Mother your Friend? Let me add this further; that perhaps in a few Hours you may have a Conviction of what I have promised you.

I told you likewise, Madam, that I would secure you from the Pursuit of the Marquis; and I believe I have succeeded: Perhaps you may suppose I have disguised the Truth to him: No, Madam, quite the contrary; I have given a faithful History of all that has happened to you since your Escape; I have not hid from him, that I myself, being struck with Astonishment, at the Courage and Virtue you have shewn in securing your Honour, could not refuse you my Esteem; I told him likewise by what Chance I met you; he knows likewise the Horror which my Sight caused you: In short, I omitted nothing to represent you as a Person of that accomplished Virtue, which merited his utmost Respect: But nothing that I could say, was able to inspire him with Sentiments of Honour; instead of Repentance, he spoke to me of new Schemes to gain his dishonourable Ends: I then told him, frankly, that your Honour was dearer to me than my Life; and though I was to lose my Blood, I would not hesitate, if it were to protect your Beauty and Virtue. The Marquis,
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whose distinguishing Quality is by no means Courage, I saw was intimidated; and I do not believe he will give you any more Trouble. This is, I must own, Sir, said I, a generous Favour, which I can never sufficiently thank you for; but I promise you, I will preserve in an everlasting Sentiment of Gratitude. Ah! Madam, replied he, speak not of Gratitude; I deserve none from you; for I have done nothing for you, but what every Man of true Honour would have done in my Place; but if you do design me a Favour, forget, I beg of you, the Subjects of Reproach which you justly have to make.

But, Sir, replied I, may not the Marquis suspect, by that Earnestness which you shewed in espousing my Cause?—Oh! Madam, answered warmly the Baron, can you think I let fall one unguarded Word that might be injurious to the Brightness of your Virtue? No, be assured I said nothing but what I hope will soon be accomplished: I told him, my Mother would either give you a Refuge with her, or else secure you one in a Convent; for these will be the two Proposals which she will have the Honour of making you; you must decide which will suit you best.

I must

I must, then, freely own to you, answered I, I think it would be a Convent; for the Dangers I have escaped, and the others which I may fall into, alarm me.

I saw by an Air of Melancholy which spread itself over his Face, that this Answer had not pleased him: He did not, tho', expressly his Sentiments; he contented himself with saying, that the Inclination which I had for Virtue, would, he had thought, have made me chuse to have always with me, in his Mother, a Person who might set me continual Examples of it, and at the same time neglect none of the Duties of Politeness and Civility towards me.

Tho' the Baron had conceived a violent Passion for me, yet he spoke not one Word of his Love; he seemed fearful, lest his Eyes should betray his Heart; but I easily guessed what it cost him to dissemble: Probably, he thought that my Diffidence, from so many Disasters and Treacheries, made it not a proper Time for him to speak to me of it; and, I must own, I thought myself highly indebted to him for such respectful Silence.

He had no sooner left me, but, without considering my Poverty, and Want of proper Cloaths and Linen, I finished the Pacquet for the Marquis. I at last persuaded *la Riou* to
send

send it. While she was with me, a Maid came to tell her, that the Countess of *Mezin* had sent her Coach for her. The Countess of *Mezin* cried I out, with a Surprise which I could not conceal, what will become of me? Ah! my Ruin now is certain; I am going to be delivered into her Hands; she will revenge herself upon me for the Death of the barbarous Count of that Name, who fell by the Hand of my Lover: How has she found out my Retreat? Has *la Riou* betrayed me? How can I escape this new Persecution? Wretch that I am! without Protection, without Support; I have but Innocency and Tears to oppose to Malice and Artifice, weak Arms against those Engines which they will use to effect my Ruin: I was melancholy, laid upon a Couch, with my Head supported by my Elbow on a Table; I fetched deep Sighs; my Eyes were bathed in Tears, and fixed on the Ground, and I abandoned myself to the most afflicting Reflections; I saw no means of avoiding my cruel Destiny. I was in this Situation when *la Riou* returned from the Countess's and hastened into my Chamber: Prejudiced by my Mistakes against her, I cast at her a resentful threatening Look, which certainly she did not deserve. Hey-dey, what's the matter now, cried she? What Fly now stings you? What makes you cast such a fiendish Look at me? I am finely
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thanked for all the Good I endeavour to do you: Well, since you have such a perverse Temper, I will not say a Word of all the Good I have done you: Yet I have good News for you; but, to teach you not to make another Time Mouths at honest People, I'll burst before I let out a Word. Oh! oh! did you but know what good Luck the Countess of *Mezin* has for you, you would not treat me so. Do you know, then, the Countess of *Mezin*, answered I to her? Good God! replied she, this is pretty again; surely I must know her, and she must know me, and both must know one another, since we have been talking together; and it was of you, Miss, that we were talking: Well for that; hear me, young Lady, for no other Title will please you, if you were my own Daughter, I do not believe, in my Conscience, that I could have spoken more Good of you; perhaps I have here and there a little blanced the Truth; no matter for that—when we would do one another Good, one need not be so scrupulous.

There was, the Reader will perceive, a Mixture of gross Rudeness in this Discourse; but I did not design to take Notice of it: My Curiosity was moved, and I was resolved to throw in my talkative Landlady's Way, a little Praise, which I knew would reconcile her again, and make her tell all she knew, if
she

she had swore a hundred Oaths to the contrary: I therefore expressed a lively Sense of her Assistance. Ah! my dear *Nancy*, said she, your good Angel must certainly have brought you hither: But I must lose you after all; for I do not think that the good Lady Countess will suffer you to be exposed a second time to the Treachery of the Marquis. Ah! into what an Abyss of Fears was I not again plunged. What, thought I, has *la Riou* spoke to her of my Adventures? I therefore begged of her, that she would repeat to me, what she had so wisely said on this Occasion? Well, then, said she, I will satisfy you: You may suppose I did not talk long of your Birth; for what could I say of it? That you are the Child of Some-body, or must have dropped from the Clouds: But as for your Virtue, Beauty, Generosity, Courage; Oh! you may depend upon it, they wanted for no Colouring. I told likewise, how one fair Night, you nimbly got over your Convent's Wall, by the Help of a young Gentleman, it must have been understood: But not a Word of your two Lovers Deaths; *la Riou* knows how to stop her Tongue when she ought.—Well, but for your Affair with the Marquis; it has given the Countess so great a Notion of your Virtue and Cunning, that she was highly pleased with them. Ah! how it would have tickled you, to have
heard.

heard yourself so praised: Besides, Ah! good God! how this good Lady talks of Heaven; and, let me tell you, she was so charmed with what I said to her of your Modesty, that she will shortly come to see you: But you must know, that this Lady is the young Gentleman's Mother, who came with you in the Coach, and that he pleaded strongly your Cause as well as I.

Ah! thought I within myself, what will become of me? I am undone: Will not the Mother and the Son be revenged on me? But whither can I fly? I must wait the Deliverance and Protection of Heaven: What Misery, alas! was I born to? When will Providence put an End to it, or my unfortunate Life, which I can no longer suffer?

As I was lost in these Reflections, *la Riou* began to be weary of my Silence, which she could not imagine the Reason of: But at last she left me to my own Considerations.

The Mind sometimes finds itself in such a Condition, by the Multiplicity of its anxious Thoughts, that they but serve to confound each other; so that it decides nothing: This was just my Situation, all the time I was alone.

They came to tell me, that the Countess of *Mezin* was come to speak with me. My
Heart

Heart began to beat so violently, that I could not speak distinctly a Word.

The Countess, with *la Riou*, entered my Chamber. I know not with what an Air and Respect I received her; but I am sure I had my Mind so full of Trouble, that my Behaviour must have shewed it: A modest Blush covered my Cheeks; and I durst not raise my Eyes, to fix them on the Countess: My Confusion was extreme, but it did not last long. It is impossible to imagine a Countenance more proper to inspire Love and Confidence, than was that of the Countess; Virtue herself would have taken no other, had she had a mind to appear in a human Form, and ravish the Hearts of all Beholders; there was something so generous, sincere, and melting, in her Voice, that it sunk into the very Bottom of the Soul; and her Manner and Air had something so noble, encouraging, and benevolent, that they not only banished all Diffidence and Fear, but invited you to act with Candour, and without Restraint. But this is, as yet, but as a small Sketch of that incomparable Lady which I am going to describe to you; I shall endeavour to finish it, and place it in its proper Point of Light.

I come hither, my dear young Lady, said she to me, embracing me at the same time in
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the most tender Manner, with a Disposition which, I assure you, is not to your Disadvantage; you deserve a high Encomium, for having joined so much Courage with such youthful Virtue: But, I assure you, that the Account which my Son has given me of your Merit, in your last Conduct, has charmed me to that degree, that without knowing you, I was not able to refuse you my Esteem and Tenderness. You too far value, Madam, said I, a weak Effort of Virtue, which can have nothing of extraordinary for you. Pardon me, Madam, replied the Countess; for I think your Conduct in flying from the Marquis, full of that Wisdom and Courage which deserve my Admiration. What! did you not brave the greatest Dangers? Venture over a Wall in the Obscurity of Night? Expose yourself to die of Cold in the Street? and this merely on the Account of Virtue: There is certainly in this, an heroic Elevation of Virtue. Be assured, my charming Creature, that your Virtue shall not be without its Reward: As long as I live, your Innocence shall no more be exposed to the same Dangers it has undergone: Think, that you are not only going to find in me a sincere Friend, but an affectionate Mother, who will endeavour to restore to you again, her whom the impenetrable Decree of Provi-

Providence has hitherto concealed from you since your Birth. Be not surprized, my favourite Child, if you find me acquainted with your History; I will not conceal from you, that I thought it proper to inform myself of the Person whom I did design to favour: It was on this Account I sent for your Landlady. And, 'troth, Madam, replied *la Riou*, I think you will bear me Witness, that I have said a great deal of Good of this young Lady: Ah! should I live to an hundred Years old, I should still be speaking something kind of her. Well, well, *la Riou*, said the Countess, we'll believe what you say. Then, turning to me, she said, Madam, you will please to come to a Resolution: I have two Proposals to make you; Would you be placed in a Convent, or rather live with me? You shall be welcome; your Company would be a most agreeable Entertainment and Comfort to me; I have a Daughter, who must be benefited by your Behaviour and Conversation; she will love you, I am thoroughly persuaded; and believe me, when I say, that my Tenderness will make no Distinction betwixt you.

Ah! Madam, cried I out, throwing myself at her Feet in a Transport, what Thanks shall I return your Goodness? Can there possibly be a Heart in the World so generous and magnanimous

unanimous as yours? how will mine be able to contain its grateful Sentiments? What could inspire you with those humane Christian Sentiments for so forlorn, destitute a Creature as I am? Rise, my dear Child, answered she, with a Countenance that shone with heavenly Benevolence; you shall call me Mother, and I will supply the Place of your own: Consult your Heart once more; Do you chuse a Convent, or not? you know what a Convent is: Was it here, or in the Country, that you were in one? It was in the Country, Madam, replied I. In the Country! In what Town? At *Meaux*, answered I; at *Meaux*, replied I, with some Emotion, and casting down my Eyes; because this was an Introduction to Questions which made me apprehend the Consequences. At the mention of *Meaux*, I saw the Countess's Face change Colour; she could not even refrain from some Sighs, which escaped her; her Eyes were fixed upon me, and I believe understood my Perplexity. After some Pause, she added; Was it in the Convent of our Lady that you resided? Had you been there a considerable Time? And how long is it since you left it? These Questions, indeed, puzzled me; but I was resolved to run the Risque of speaking Truth: I was put in the Convent in my most tender Infancy, said I, and it is but four Months

Months since I left it. O Heavens ! cried out the Countess, can that be true which I suspect ? Be not offended at what I now shall say to you, my dear young Lady ; satisfy me in those Questions which I shall now put to you ; they are very interesting for me ; and believe me when I assure you, that your Candor shall not suffer by it. You tell me, you were put very young into the Convent, and only left it about four Months ago : Had you no Acquaintance with the Chevalier of ——— ? and was not you the intimate Friend of Miss *De la Noy* ? Ah ! Madam, cried I out, throwing myself at her Knees, ask me no more ; I but too well foresee the Questions which you may make me ; but, lest I should incur your Anger, I will satisfy you, without disguising any thing. Yes, you see at your Feet the Person who was the innocent, unwilling Cause of your Tears and Affliction : But the Designs of your Son alarmed me ; the Abbess had promised him alone Access to me ; she had talked before of dismissing me, upon Account of some Arrears of Pension : I must own, I desired the Chevalier (who seemed to have Sentiments of Honour for me, inspired by Virtue) that he would secure me a Refuge in a Convent at *Paris* : I cannot tell you how Monsieur the Count was informed of his Design ; but we were unfortunately attacked
by

by him in a Wood, where the Count, attended by two Servants, killed first our Postillion, and two Servants, and then wounded mortally the Chevalier, who was more concerned for my Danger than his own Life! You know the Remainder of this Adventure, which I wish had been prevented by my Death, to have preserved a Life so dear to you: The Security of my Honour only made me endeavour to take Refuge in another Convent, where I likewise hoped to have the Company of my generous Friend Miss *De la Noy*, who had made me think she would interest her Parents in my Favour; but her Departure from *Paris* has disappointed all my Expectations: This is my real Story. Consult only that generous Charity which animates all your Actions: What will become of me, if you can retain no Pity for me!

This I spoke with abundance of Tears, and humbly embracing all the time her Knees. After some Pause, wherein I saw the last Conflict with Nature, she said to me, with a gracious Countenance: My dear Child, fear nothing; it was not your innocent Beauty which caused my Son's Death; we must submit to Heaven: Tell me only your real Choice, would you retire into a Convent, or live with me?

Madam,

Madam, replied I, I should esteem it the highest Happiness, to have your Example constantly before my Eyes; and I will endeavour, by my Docility, to put in practice the wise Directions which you will please to give me.

Then, my dear Child, said she, let us be gone: I wish you may not have mixed Complaisance in your Resolution; but, I can assure you, you could not have taken a Determination more pleasing to myself. But what is this? Does this Trunk belong to you? Oh! no, Madam, replied I, I am going to send it back to the Marquis. Good still, cried out *la Riou*; had I the keeping of it, I would see if the base Man should have it ever again. What signifies what she says? replies the Countess. This Trunk, says I, contains the Presents of the Marquis, and my Landlady would have me keep them; but I am far from her Way of thinking. You are to be highly commended, my dear Child, replied the Countess; this Thought is worthy of your Character. You, Madam, continued she, turning to *la Riou*, take the Care of sending, To-day, the Pacquet with his Direction; and here are some Pistoles to reward you for your Pains. Farewel, my good Hostess; I desire you would come sometimes to see my Daughter; I will be grateful for your Care of her. I must then bid you
Adieu,

Adieu, my charming young Lady, answered *la Riou*; but your friendly Landlady will always remember and love you.

It was in repeating to me a hundred Compliments of this nature, that she went with us to the Coach. When we were seated, the Countess said to me; You have, Madam, highly encreased my Ideas of your Wisdom, by your ingenuous Discourse to me. Let me prepare the Count, my Spouse, for what you told me; he will, do not doubt, pardon your being the innocent, unavoidable Cause of his Son's Death. I will answer, likewise, for the generous, just Sentiments of my Son and Daughter. I assure you, the Baron speaks in such an ecstatic Strain of your Perfections and Virtue, that I am persuaded his Words flow from a sincere Heart. How glad shall I be, should you prove, in the Hands of Heaven, an Instrument of engaging him for ever in the Paths of Honour.

It was during the politest Praises of my Conduct, and the best Advices for the future, that we came to the Count's House, where her first Care was to present me to her Husband.

Sir! said she in the most tender Manner, I have the Pleasure of presenting to you this amiable young Lady; she shall be my Daughter,

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and I hope you will be to her another Father. I have told you what your Son said in her Favour; and I can assure you, that she well deserves to be secured against the Injustices of Fortune. This is a Pleasure, Madam, answered the Count, looking at me in a most obliging Manner, which I shall willingly divide with you. I made him a low Courtesy, with an Air of Perplexity, and a vermillion, modest Blush in my Cheeks, which I believe pleaded more strongly in my Favour than any Words could do.

But before I advance farther in my History, I hope the Reader will not be displeased, that I here draw a Portrait, in Miniature, of the Count, whose Countenance bespoke him, at the first Glance, a most accomplish'd Gentleman: He seemed, by his Features, about fifty Years old, but his Age had scarce imprinted the least Wrinkles in his Face; and he still retained a Glow of Health in his Look, which a Person of less noble simple Manners than he was, would have been proud of: His Eyes had a Brilliancy and Benignity which charmed the Beholders, and he had an amiable Conversation which surpassed the Vivacity of Youth, in attracting the Affections of every one. His Stature, which was rather above a middle Size, and joined with a little Corpulency, gave him

him a majestic Appearance. His Hair, which was a little silvered, and betrayed his Years, seemed to add Sweetness and Authority to his Person; and being long, and slightly buckled, seemed so beautiful and neglected, as if Nature herself had lent her Hand in ornamenting one of the finest Heads in the World. Yet this noble Exterior was what was least affecting in the Count; the rare Qualities of his Mind caused the highest Admiration in all who had the Honour of his Acquaintance. In short, he had an unbounded, liberal, heroic Heart. The Sagacity of his Judgment, the Extent of his Understanding, the Vivacity of his Wit, the Delicacy of his Thoughts, the Sublimity and Equity of his Sentiments, the Generosity of his Soul, and tender Sensibility of his Heart; in fine, every Manner, every Action, render'd him a Pattern of true Christian Nobility. I shall finish here the First Part of my Life.



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